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"Let us see to it that a Government, of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not perish from the Earth."---A. LINCOLN

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The California man who suicided by means of a dynamite bonmb was doubtles actuated by a desire to make his exit with a rush.

Jerry Simpson says that Springer is the second choice of Alliance members of the House for Speaker. Poor Springer! What has he done to Jerry?

The Gorman Presidential boom seems to have struck a snag, or it may be that it is temporarily lost in the shadow of His immensity, Grover C.

A leading democratic newspaper prints a halfcolumn editorial headed. "Tin plate as a demoralizer." That is a more damaging confession than we expected so soon.

To judge from appearances the republicans never had a better chance for carrying New York than they have this year: the party is thoroughly united while the democrats are split into several fighting factions.

It is worthy of note by those not familiar with American laws that President Harrison had to pay for a license to shoot reed birds in New Jersey, just as any ordinary man, citizen or foreigner, would have had to do.

It is now claimed that it is possible by artificial methods to prevent frosts. In onward march of science a means may yet be devised to alleviate the sufferings of politicians on the "cold day" which defeat at the polls always brings to them.

"Moses" is a dangerous name to travel with in Russia, as Major Moses P. Handy of the World's Fair booming committee discovered in that country, where he was compelled to prove that he was not a Hebrew before he could get his passport vised.

The democratic fight against Representative Crips's aspiration to become the democratic candidate for Speaker of the House is becoming vicious. There is no need for republicans to take any part in this fight. Let it go on and the people will soon be convinced, as many of them are, that no democrat yet mentioned has the necessary qualifications to make a good Speaker, and we have no hesitation in predicting that long before the adjournment of the first session of the Fifty-second Congress this fact will be practically demonstrated, no matter who may be elected.

The attention of the Anglomaniacs is respectfully called to the street riots which have occurred each Sunday for several weeks past at East-bourne, a fashionable watering place, whose "high-toned" patrons undertake weekly to mob the Salvation Army because it persists in parading on Sunday. Perhaps we haven't yet reached the heights of English culture in this country, but it is certain that the patrons of our most plebian watering places would not so far forget themselves as to engage in a street riot under any provocation, at any time. Street riots have never been popular in America and the few that have taken place in our cities have been instigated by and mostly taken part in, by foreigners who had not become accustomed to American manners.

It is pleasing news to learn that Postmaster General Wanamaker's experiment of extending the free delivery of mail matter to small towns is likely to prove successful. At some of the places where the experimental service is being tried the increase in revenues has been considerably more than enough to meet the increased expenditure, and at all there has been an increase, and Mr. Wanamaker is now at work upon a comprehensive scheme for free delivery in all the small towns and villages, which Congress will be asked to adopt. This is an improvement that is much needed, and one that any official might be proud of having originated of course the democratic Congress, with its accustomed policy of obstruction, may refuse to provide for this improvement. If it does it will only by its refusal furnish another argument for the election of a republican House of Representative as well as a President, next year.

HASTINGS WON'T HAVE IT.

WEST CHESTER, September 20.

Major L. G. McCauley, of this place, recently wrote to General D. H. Hastings inquiring whether, in the event of a necessity for a compromise candidate for president of the Republican League of Clubs, he would allow the use of his name. General Hastings replied under date of September 12 stating that he was not a candidate, and that under no circumstances would he become a candidate or accept the position if tendered him. This peremptory declination on the part of General Hastings will compel the peace-makers to seek another candidate or leave Robison and Dalzell to fight it out, which both seem entirely willing to do.

THE U. B. CONFERENCE.

A NOTABLE GATHERING OF DISTINGUISHED MINISTERS.

The fifty-third annual session of the Allegheny conference of the United Brethren church convened in the U. B. church of Bellefonte on Wednesday, September 16th, 1891, at 2 o'clock p. m.

Devotional exercises were conducted by Bishop E. B. Kephart, D. D., L. L. D., of Toledo, Iowa. This was followed with interesting remarks by the Bishop concerning the prosperity and growth of the church in the conferences recently held. Rev. H. F. Shupe, of Braddock, was re-elected Secretary and appointed Rev. B. L. Seneff, of Industry, as his assistant. Rev. W. H. Mingle, of Johnstown, was elected repotter for the daily *Gazette*, and Rev. C. W. Wasson, of Tyrone, reporter for the *Daily News*. A committee on charter was appointed with Rev. L. W. Stahl, of Conemaugh, as chairman.

The following committees were appointed by the Bishop:

On Church Extension—Revs. W. R. Funk, W. H. Mingle and M. O. Lane.

On Boundaries—Revs. E. A. Zeek, J. T. Tallhelm, J. W. Pershing, J. I. L. Resler, L. W. Stahl, T. P. Osner and Messrs. Schum, Umphreys and Pringle.

On Candidates for the Ministry—Revs. H. F. Shupe, W. R. Funk and I. P. Truxal.

On Elder's Orders—Revs. G. W. Sherjck, J. E. McClay and D. Sheerer.

The following persons were recommended by their respective quarterly conference for license to preach: J. S. Fulton, A. M. Long, J. S. Spangler and D. G. McHenry.

The names of the following preachers without charges in the conference were called and their characters passed: J. L. Baker, W. A. Baier, S. E. Cormany, A. E. Evans, J. Felix, A. L. Funk, E. E. Hoenshell, S. L. Hough, L. H. Leitzell, J. Londis, W. H. Mattern, J. E McClay, J. Medsgar, J. M. Munden, W. A. Jackson, B. F. Noon, H. Shoemaker, D. Steel, D. Strayer and W. J. Buck.

The names of the following ministers who died during the year were referred to the committee on memoirs: T. Potter, J. A. Clemm, C. Wartman, J. S. Buell and J. B. Resler.

Rev. B. T. Booth, D. D., Secretary of the Board of Missions, of Dayton, Ohio, and Revs. William Williamson and E. B. Somers, of the East Ohio conference, were admitted to advisary seats. Rev. William Laurie, D. D., pastor of the Bellefonte Presbyterian church, was introduced to the conference. Rev. J. H. Pershing, presiding elder of the Johnstown district, read a very excellent report. The report shows quite an increase both in the spiritual and material interests of the church; quite a number of persons were converted and added to the church. Three parsonages and four churches were built in the district. Eight churches were repaired during the year. Eleven churches are in the course of erection and will be completed in the near future.

Rev. E. A. Zeek, presiding elder of the Greensburg district, read a very encouraging report. The report shows that earnest faithful work has been done, and that God's blessing has been upon the efforts of the church. Almost five hundred were added to the church during the year. Two churches have been built and dedicaetd to the service of God. Several churches are being built and lots have been secured for others. This was a very good report. Afternoon session adjourned with the benediction by Rev. J. L. Baker, the oldest Minister in the Conference.

On Wednesday evening a large congregation assembled to hear the conference sermon which was delivered by Rev. W. R. Funk, of Scottdale. Rev T. P. Osmer, L. Keister. W Williamson and W. R Funk occupied the pulpit. Rev. Funk selected for his text Deut. 8, 7—10. The preacher emphasized the importance of going forward in one grand united effort to the conquest of the world for Christ. This was an able, soul-stirring sermon, and ought to be productive of great good.

THURSDAY'S SESSION

Conference opened at 8.30. Devotional exercises were conducted by Rev, D. Sheerer, of Johnstown. The minutes of Wednesday's session were read and approved.

Mr, B. O. Binkard, a representative of the United Brethren Publishing House, of Dayton, Ohio, was introduced to the Conference. Mr. Binkard talked to the Conference a short time concerning the excellent condition of the affairs of the house. Rev. J. T. Fallhelm presiding elder of the Altoona District, read his report. The report shows that God's blessing has been upon the earnest, faithful efforts put forth for the upbuilding of the church, and salvation of souls. Quite a number have been added to the church. A number of churches have been built, while others are in course of erection. Among those erected is the beautiful temple at Bellefonte in which the conference is being held. The remainder of the forenoon session was consumed hearing the reports of the pastors of the various charges. The following were then called and examined U. S. Drake, A. C. Frad, O. T. Stewart W. H. Mingle, T. W. Burgess, A. F. Fulton, W. Coniey, A. M. Long, H. A. Buffington, J. L. Leichliter, W. H. Blackburn, P. L. Archer, L. W. Stakl; D. Sheerer, G. C. Cooke, B. L. Seneff, B. D. Shaw S. M. Lesher, G. W. Sherrich, D. W. Ellis, W. S. Woonward, W, H. Spangler, C. R. McCullough, J. V. Resler I. P. Truxal L. Keister, E. James, W. R. Funk, E. B. Somers, T. Cameron and H. F. Shupe. Adjourned with benediction by Rev. G. W. Sherrick,

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Confernce opened at 2 o'clock. Devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. C. W. Wasson, of Tyrone. Rev. J. S. Hayes, of Coalport, read an excellent paper on church erection in which he emphasized the importance of erecting good churches in which to worship God. Rev. Dr. Booth delivered an earnest address in which he said among other things that the U. B. church has collected more money for church erection, and assisted more churches during the past year, than ever before. Rev. L. Keister, of Williamsburg, read a very good paper on Education. Excellent soul-stirring addresses on the subject of Education were delivered by Revs. Funk, Resler, Stake, Shupe, Shaw, Woodward and Hayes. Also by Prof. Zuch, of Otterheim University, and Rev. G. A. Funkhouser D. D., senior professor in Union Biblical Seminary, the theological school of the church. This was an interesting session and the conference took advanced grounds on the educational question, by requesting a thorough preparation on the part of those, who desire to enter the ministry in this conference. Adjourned with benediction by Rev. Finkhouser.

EVENING SESSION.

Thursday evening was the anniversary of the Young People's Christian Union of the Conference. A large audience assembled to pariticipate in the services. After singing by the choir Mr. Harry Goshen of Altoona, offered prayer. Rev. W. H. Mingle, of Johnstown, read a well prepared paper on "What our Secieties are doing for the church." Rev. H. F. Shupe delivered an earnest address on the selection of the pastor to the Young Peoples Society. Rev. Williamson then spoke of the genera work of Young People's Societies. The Young People's Union of Allegheny Conference, is doing a grand work. During the past year over four hundred members have been added to the societies of the conference.

FRIDAY'S SESSION.

Conference convened Friday morning at 8.30 o'clock. Devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. W. Conley, of East Freedom. The hearing of the report of the pastors was completed. The following were called and examined; H. T. Devlinger A. S. Castle, A. W. Maxwell, W. H. Mattern, D. I. Blackburn, G. W. Eminhizer, D. G. McHenry, J. S. Hayes, C. W. Wasson, T. P Orner, P T Luxcomb, M O. Lane, B J Hummel, A Day, W Cromes, John Craig, A. Davison. The report of the committee on boundaries was read by Rev L W Stakle. The reports of the committee on First and Third years courses of reading were read before conference. Conference adjourned with the benediction by Rev. M O Lane.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Conference opened at 2 o'clock with devotional exercises conducted by Rev. J Medsgar, of New Florence. Rev. W R Funk, branch missionary secretary and treasurer, read his report. The itinerant list was corrected. B L Seneff, B C Shaw, A W Maxwell and T W Burgess were received with the itinerancy. Rev L W Stakle, of Conemaugh, Rev. J. Medsgar of New Florence, and Rev. T P Orner, of Altoona, were elected Presiding elders. Revs. W H Mingle, C W Wasson, W R Funk, B J Hummel, A E Fulton and G W Sherrick were elected to assist in stationing the presiding elders.

Rev. E. E. Hoshour, pastor of the Bellefonte Lutheran church, and Rev. C. Honesty, pastor of the A. M. E. church, of Bellefonte, were introduced to the conference.

An interesting report on publishing interests was read by Rev. B. L. Sneff. Remarks were made by Revs. C R McCullongh, J T L Resler, B S Woodward, H T Shupe and Bishop Kephart, after which conference adjourned with the benediction by Rev. M O Lane, of Altoona.

Friday evening at 7.30 o'clock Rev. G A Funkhouser, D. D., Senior professor in Union Biblical Seminary, preached an able and practical setman.

Every tissue of the body, every nerve, bone and muscle is made stronger and more healthy by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Our Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Sep. 21, 1891.

The President's first week at home has been an extraordinarily busy one and notwithstanding the time given up to those who "just called to pay my respects" a good deal has been accomplished. The first important appointment made was that of State Senator Hendricks to be Collector of the port of New York in place of Mr. Fassett who resigned to accept the nomination for Governor; the next important thing done was the issuing of the proclamation opening the Oklahoma Indian lands to Settlement, and Saturday afternoon the vacancy on the bench of the U. S. District Court for the northern district of California was filled by the appointment of ex-Representative W. W, Morrow of California, an appointment that was particularly pleasing to Coast republicans in Washington. He has also made a number of miner appointments.

It is pleasing to note that the President is acting in hearty accord with the numerous leaders of the party who are now in Washington upon his invitation to give him the benefit of their advice in filling the many important places now open. That sort of thing augurs well for future party success.

Mr. J. S. Clarkson, who has been here for several days, says there is not the slightest foundation for the various rumors connecting his name with this or that cabinet portfolio. He has no intention of entering the cabinet, because his plans are all made for taking a much more active part in the Presidential campaign than a member of the cabinet could do, but it is evident from the number of conferences Mr. Clarkson has had with the President that he is deeply interested in the appointments soon to be made.

Mr. T. E. Byrnes, of Minnesota, who is one of the National organizer of republi. clubs, is in Washington. He says the work of organization is progressing satisfactorily in all the northern States, and is particularly flourishing in Ohio and New York. Speaking of his own State Mr. Byrnes said: "So far as Minnesota is concerned I feel no fear of its losing its place in the republican column, despite the mishap of last year.

Ex-Senator Ingalls is in town, having come here to place his daughter in one of Wshington's excellent schools. He is looking well and says that he never felt better. He calls the recent story published by sensational newspapers about his being heart-broken because of his defeat for the Senator "silly rot." He is too honest a man to deny being disappointed by his defeat, but he has lost no time repining over it since it was accomplished, indeed he has no time to devote to such foolishness.

A significant feature of the Speakership fight is that the speech of ex-Representative Mills, delivered at Manfield, Ohio, on Satday, was published in its entirety, although it made five long columns of nonpareil, by a Washington Sunday paper which is friendly towards his Speakership candidacy. The speech is regarded here as more of an appeal to democratic Representatives to vote for Mills for Speaker than appeal to the voters of Ohio to support Campbell for Governor. The most remarkable portion of the speech is that treating of the silver question. While claiming to believe in the free coinage of silver he enters into an elaborate argument against the enactment of the free coinage law. The remarkable of the tiresome speech might have been taken from a colection of his former trade speeches in the House.

It has been fully determined that Civil Service Commissioner Lyman must go, and it is believed that ex-Representative McComan of Maryland, will be his successor although when the position was first tendered to Mr. McComan he is said to have declined it; but it is now stated that the President has succeeded in persuading him to reconsider the matter and accept.

Speaker Reed is in Washington looking in the best condition, and apparently feeling almost as jolly as though he were to be Speaker of the House for the next two years instead of leader of the minority. Mr. Reed does not believe that the democrats will succeed in accomplishing anything in the House during the coming session notwithstanding their tremendous majority. In fact that big majority is likely to prove a curse to the party owing to the difficulty of controlling it. Already it is apparent that Speakership fight will leave wounds that cannot be healed during the life of the House.

There is no foundation for the sensational rumor that the diplomatic break of Great Britain with which probably was started by the British Minister filing a complaint with the State Department on account of the Alaska sealing lessees having taken more seals this season than the number agreed upon.

Little's World.

Although "The World" has been presented in Baltimore numerous times in past seasons, it was given the reception of a brand new play at the Holliday Street Theatre last evening. The play, in six acts, is of intense interest and full of thrilling situations. The cast was carefully selected and the members of the company won generous applause from the audience. J. Z. Little made an excellent tar as JACK ROVER, and later in the play when he proves himself HARRY ELLISON, a long-lost brother, won showers of applause by his creditable performance. T. E. Commerford, as the gentleman villain, did his plotting, as an infatuated lover of his sweetheart's gold, in a fitting manner, and was ably supported by Ed. Summers as a cunning Hebrew, and G. L. Lawrence as a cold-blooded rogue. George W. Devere, as DENNIS, an Irish retainer, made a splendid representative of the Green Isle and cracked many jokes. Miss Edith Mai, as ROSA, in endeavoring to escape the toils of the villain of the play, gave a fine interpretation of her part. Miss Stella Mayhew acted the part of a pert young girl, and by her cute sayings and sweet songs made many friends. Others in the cast were Miss May Maysil, W. C. Black, Charles Allen, Louis Knobb, A. C. Sprague and S. M. Williamson. The play has many realistic scenic effects, such as the sinking of a wrecked ship and the floating of a frail raft on the waves. *News, Baltimore, Sept. 9.*

REPUBLICANS ASSEMBLING.

Scranton, September 21.—The roll of drums and cheers of delegates heard upon the streets of the city this evening are forcible reminders of the clash of arms incident to the preliminary skirmish of the convention of the State League of Republican clubs to be held on Wednesday. Candidate Robinson, whose chances for the presidency seem to bevery bright, arrived at noon and Major Stuart, of Philadelphia, came at 3 o'clock. This evening Secretary Lindsay, of Pittsburgh, brought the Dalzell boom with him. Dalzell himself will arrive in the morning. All of the visitors are received by a brass band and an escort club of sixty. This evening Major Stuart was serenaded and responded briefly. Speeches were also made by Senator Robinson and Mayor Warren.

Marriage Licenses.

Charles M. Gardner and Lucy T. Martin, both of Howard.

Elmer Linbert, of Aronsburg, and Kate Rochey of Filmore.

W. K. Cunningham, of Ohio, and Lottie R. Loneberger, of Pleasant Gap.

H. E. Sheckengast, of Potter township, and Mattie M. Weaver, of Gregg.

John Madigan, of Philipsburg, and Sallie A Hait, of Clearfield Co.

Harry Austin and Mollie Smith, both of Milesburg.

Alfred G. Hagyard and Annie G. Wright both of Philipsburg.

Harry E. Jenkins and Jennie S Lukenbach, both of Bellefonte.

BELLEFONTE COUNCIL.

Monday night was a bad night for Bellefonte councilmen, it was entirely too hot. Only five members, Messrs. Potter, Williams, Longacre, Gault and Howley, were present when the hour for convening arrived. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. There were no citizens present, hence no verbal communications. There were no writen communications and the reports of the various standing committees were about ditto. In a word there was no business transacted until the time for the approval of the bills arrived, they went through with a rush, about $600 worth of them. Adjourned to meet the first Monday evening in October at 7 o'clock.

—The Bellefonte High School was opened on Monday afternoon with very interesting and instructive exercises. A number of speeches were made by prominent persons and excellent music was furnished by several young ladies. The High School this year opens with a large class and under more favorable auspices than ever before. There is one change in the corps of teachers. In the place of Prof. D. M. Wolf, Prof. G. W. Hosterman is to be found. Mr. Hosterman is an able instructor and under his help and the principalship of Prof. Johnstonbaugh there is no doubt of the rapid progress of all students of the Bellefonte High School.

Letter List.

The following letters remain uncalled for in the Postoffice Sept. 21 1891.

Bettie E. Anderson; Mrs. C. Crest; Frank Cook; Annie Fulgor; Chase Harrings; R. L. McDonald; J. P. Neff; Calvin Sauer.

When called for please say advertised.

J. A. FIEDLER.

These Men Had Tails.

A discovery which will probably prove of immense interest to ethnologists has been made at the little hamlet of Sinaloa, Mex., within the past few days, while breaking ground for a large coffee plantation which is being established by an English syndicate. The find consists of thousands of skeletons either of large apes or of prehistoric human beings of a very low order. If the remains are of apes, they were of a gigantic size, and of a variety no longer extant; while if they are of men, the men were provided with distinct caudal appendages, very thick and short, and curled up like a squirrel's. That they are the skeletons of apes can hardly be doubted, judging from the arms, which reach nearly half a foot below the knee, and the thumbs, which are also abnormally long and curved, with exceedingly sharp and powerful nails.

The feet, too, show that they were intended for climbing, rather than walking, and are also provided with claws and prehensile toes of unusual length. It is probable that the large number of skeletons found are due to a battle between two bands of animals having taken place at this spot, which is further evidenced by the number of broken skulls and other bones among them, and the fact that several of the skeletons were found clenched in a deadly embrace. No weapons were discovered, however, but as those were probably of wood they have perished in the course of time.

The work of searching for other remains still goes on, every hour seeing hundreds of more detached fragments or whole skeletons unearthed. It is calculated that over four hundred entire ones have already been disinterred. A few of the most perfect have been sent to the British Museum and others will be presented to the Smithsonian Institute by the owners of the land.—Philadelphia Times.

The First Strike.

"Do you know that this Government had been in existence over fifty years before such a thing as a strike was known among the laboring people?" asked Frank Gassner of Cincinnati of a San Francisco Call reporter, as he leaned thoughtfully against the cigar stand at the Occidental yesterday. "Yes, sir, fifty years, and it was reserved for Ohio to be the scene of the first revolt. It was in 1840, in June, I think, that the employes of Wolf & Co.'s foundry in Cincinnati struck for an increase in pay, and in a few days it spread so as to include all the iron-workers of the city. For more than a month both sides held out, and at the end of that time the laborers succeeded in securing money with which to start a co-operative foundry. They chose a busines manager and a superintendent from among their own number and started out with a great boom. At the end of three years they went to the wall, and after everything was cleaned up they were still $300,000 behind. As each of the incorporators was personally responsible under the Ohio law for the liabilities of the concern, without limitation as to time, every one of the strikers was compelled to leave the State in order to prevent their savings being seized to satisfy their creditors. So ended the first strike."

A Honeymoon Checkbook.

A young man of fashion who got married not long and did a unique thing. A short time before the wedding he bought a new checkbook and had lithographed obliquely across the face of each check his own name and his bride's maiden name in small letters, and under them the word "married" in bold characters, followed by the day and date. The young man has used his checkbook solely for the payment of his wedding expenses—his new clothes, his gifts to the bride and wedding party, the ante-nuptial suppers, luncheons, and river parties; the parson's perquisite, and all the bills incurred during the honeymoon, besides getting the checks cashed for his pocket money. At the end of four weeks from the wedding day he means to stop using these checks, collect all the vouchers, tie up all together, mark the parcel "Honeymoon vouchers," and lock it up in a strong box, which is not to be opened until the silver-wedding anniversary, twenty-five years hence.—Buffalo Courier.

Jewelry Gets "Tired."

"Some discussion has resulted from the statement that machinery and even metal gets 'tired' and needs a chance to recuperate," says Frank Hammon, a working jeweler. "Foolish as the idea seems it is undoubtedly true, and it applies just as forcibly to jewels, which certainly need recuperation at times. Any one in the business will certainly tell you what a heavy loss a man may incur by jewels in his show case going off in appearance. All the cleaning in the world won't help them, and all the time they keep getting more and more shabby, until at last they have no salable valuable. If they are sent away to another city they frequently brace up of their own accord and come back looking bright and lustrous. This may sound incredible, but inquiry will prove that what I say is generally known in the trade."—St. Louis Globe-

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

"I could put this right if I had a brush in my hand," said Dick, despairing, over the modelling of a chin that Maisie complained would not "look flesh"—it was the same chin that she had scraped out with a palette knife "but I find it almost impossible to teach you. There's a queer grim Dutch touch about your painting that I like; but I've a notion that you're weak in drawing. You foreshorten as though you never used the model, and you've caught Kami's pasty way of dealing with flesh in the shadow. Then again, though you don't know it yourself, you shirk hard work. Suppose you spend some of your time on line alone. Line doesn't allow of shirking. Oils do, and three square inches of flashy tricky stuff in the corner of a pic sometimes carry a bad thing off—as I know. That's immortal. Do line work for a little while, and then I can tell more about your powers, as old Kami used to say."

Maisie protested; she did not care for the pure line.

"I know," said Dick. "You want to do your own fancy heads with a bunch of flowers at the base of the neck to hide bad modelling." The red-haired girl laughed a little. "You want to do landscapes with cattle knee deep in grass to hide bad drawing. You want to do a great deal more than you can do. You have sense of color, but you want form. Color's a gift—put it aside and think no more about it—but form you can be drilled into. Now, all your fancy heads—and some of them are very good—will keep you exactly where you are. With line you must go forward or backward, and it will show up all your weaknesses."

"But other people——" began Maisie.

"You musn't mind what other people do. If their souls were your soul it would be different. You stand and fall by your own work, remember, and it's waste of time to think of any one else in this battle."

Dick paused and that longing that had been so resolutely put away had came back into his eyes. He looked at Maisie, and the look asked as plainly as words was it not time to leave all this barren wilderness of canvas and counsel and join hands with Life and Love!

Maisie assented to the new programme of schooling so adorably that Dick could hardly restrain himself from picking her up then and there and carrying her off to the nearest Registrar's office. It was the implicit obedience to the spoken word and the blank indifference to the unspoken desire that baffled and buffeted his soul. He held authority in that house—authority limited, indeed, to one-half of one afternoon in seven, but very real while it lasted. Maisie had learned to appeal to him on many subjects, from the proper packing of pictures to the condition of a smoky chimney. The red-haired girl never consulted him about anything. On the other hand she accepted his appearances without protest and watched him always. He discovered that the meals of the establishment were irregular and fragmentary. They depended chiefly on tea, pickles, and biscuit, as he had suspected from the beginning. The girls were supposed to market week and week about, but they lived, with the help of a charwoman, as casually as the young ravens. Maisie spent most of her income on models, and the other girl revelled in apparatus as refined as her work was rough. Armed with knowledge dear bought from the docks, Dick warned Maisie that the end of semi-starvation meant the crippling of power to work, which was considerably worse than death. Maisie took the warning, and gave more thought to what she ate and drank. When his trouble returned upon him, as it generally did in the long winter twilights, the remembrance of that little act of domestic authority and his coercion with a hearth brush of the smoky drawing-room chimney stung Dick like a whip lash.

He conceived that his memory would be the extreme of his sufferings till, one Sunday, the red-haired girl announced that she would make a study of Dick's head, and that he would be good enough to sit still, and—quite as an after thought—look at Maisie. He sat, because he could not well refuse, and for the space of half an hour he reflected on all the people in the past whom he had laid open for the purposes of his own craft. He remembered Binat most distinctly—that Binat who had once been an artist and talked about degradation.

It was the merest monochrome roughing in of a head, but it presented the dumb waiting, the longing, and above all the hopeless enslavement of the man, in the spirit of bitter mockery.

"I'll buy it," said Dick, promptly, "at your own price."

"My price is too high, but I dare say you'll be grateful if——" The wet sketch fluttered from the girl's hand and fell into the ashes of the studio stove. When she picked it up it was hopelessly smudged.

"Oh, it's all spoiled!" said Maisie. "And I never saw it. Was it like?"

"Thank you," said Dick under his breath to the red-haired girl. And he removed himself swiftly.

"How that man hates me!" said the girl. "And how he loves you, Maisie!"

"What nonsense! I know Dick's very fond of me, but he has his work to do, and I have mine."

"Yes, he is fond of you, and I think he knows there is something in impressionism, after all. Maisie, can't you see?"

"See! See what?"

"Nothing; only I know that if I could get any man to look at me as that man looks at you, I'd—I don't know what I'd do. But he hates me. Oh, how he hates me!"

She was not altogether correct. Dick's hatred was tempered with gratitude for a few moments, and then he forgot the girl entirely. Only the sense of shame remained, and he was nursing it across the park in the fog. "There'll be an explosion one of these days," he said, wrathfully. "But it isn't Maisie's fault; she's right, quite right, as far as she knows, and I can't blame her. This business has been going on for three months nearly. Three months!—and it cost me ten years' knocking about to get at the notion, the merest raw notion of my work. That's true; but then I didn't have pins, drawing pins, and palette knives stuck into me every Sunday. Oh, my little darling, if ever I break you, somebody will have a very bad time of it. No, she won't. I'd be as big a fool about her as I am now. I'll poison that red-haired girl on my wedding day—she's unwholesome—and now I'll pass on these present bad times to Torp."

Torpenhow had been moved to lecture Dick more than once lately on the sin of levity, and Dick had listened and replied not a word. In the weeks between the first Sundays of his discipline he had flung himself savagely into his work, resolved that Maisie should at least know the full stretch of his powers. Then he had taught Maisie that she must not pay the least attention to any work outside her own, and Maisie had obeyed him all too well. She took his counsels, but was not interested in his pictures.

"Your things smell of tobacco and blood," she said, once. "Can't you do anything except soldiers?"

"I could do a head of you that would startle you," thought Dick—this was before the red-haired had brought him under the guillotine—but he only said, "I am very sorry," and harrowed Torpenhow's soul that evening with blasphemies against Art. Later, insensibly and to a large extent against his own will, he ceased to interest himself in his own work. For Maisie's sake, and to soothe the self-respect that, it seemed to him he lost each Sunday, he would not consciously turn bad stuff, but, since Maisie did not care ever for his best, it were better not to do anything at all save wait and mark time between Sunday and Sunday. Torpenhow was disgusted as the weeks went by fruitless, and then attacked him one Sunday evening when Dick felt utterly exhausted after three hours' biting self-restraint in Maisie's presence. There was Language, and Torpenhow withdrew to consult the Nilghai, who had come in to talk Continental politics.

"Bone-idle, is he! Careless, and touched in the temper!" said the Nilghai. "It isn't worth worrying over. Dick is probably playing the fool with a woman."

"Isn't that bad enough!"

"No. She may throw him out of gear and knock his work to pieces for awhile. She may even turn up here some day and make a scene on the staircase. One never knows. But until Dick speaks of his own accord you had better not touch him. He is no easy-tempered man to handle."

"No; I wish he were. He is such an aggressive, cocksure, you-be-damned fellow."

"He'll get that knocked out of him in time. He must learn that he can't storm up and down the world with a box of moist tubes and a slick brush. You're fond of him!"

"I'd take any punishment that's in store for him if I could; but the worst of it is, no man can save his brother."

"No, and the worser of it is, there is no discharge in this war. Dick must learn his lesson like the rest of us. Talking of war there'll be trouble in the Balkans in the spring."

"That trouble is long coming. I wonder if we could drag Dick out there when it comes!"

Dick entered the room shortly afterward, and the question was put to him. "Not good enough," he said, shortly. "I'm too comfy where I am."

"Surely you aren't taking all the stuff in the papers seriously," said the Nilghai. "Your vogue will be ended in less than six months—the public will know your touch and go on to something new—and where will you be then!"

"Here, in England."

"When you might be doing decent work among us out there! Nonsense! I shall go; the Keneu will be there; Torp will be there; Cassavetti will be there, and the whole lot of us will be there, and we shall have as much as ever we can do, with unlimited fighting, and the chance for you of seeing things that would make the reputation of three Veresatchagins."

"Um!" said Dick, pulling at his pipe.

"You prefer to stay here and imagine that all the world is gaping at your pictures! Just think how full an average man's life is of his own pursuits and pleasures. When twenty thousand of him find time to look up between mouthfuls and grunt something about something that they aren't the least

Dick dropped into a chair and was fast asleep in a minute.

interested in, the net result is called fame, reputation, or notoriety, according to the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord!"

"I know that as well as you do. Give me credit for a little gumption."

"Be hanged if I do!"

"Be hanged, then: you probably will be for a spy, by excited Turks. Heigho! I'm weary, dead weary, and virtue has gone out of me." Dick dropped into a chair and was fast asleep in a minute.

"That's a bad sign," said the Nilghai, in an undertone.

Torpenhow picked the pipe from the waistcoat where it was beginning to burn, and put a pillow behind the head. "We can't help; we can't help," he said. "It's a good ugly sort of old cocoanut, and I'm fond of it. There's the scar of the wipe he got when he was cut over in the square."

"Shouldn't wonder if that has made him a trifle mad."

"I should. He's a most business-like madman."

Then Dick began to snore furiously.

"Oh, here, no affection can stand this sort of thing. Wake up, Dick, and go and sleep somewhere else if you intend to make a noise about it."

"When a cat has been out on the tiles all night," said the Nilghai in his beard, "I notice that she usually sleeps all day. This is natural history."

Dick staggered away rubbing his eyes and yawning.

He did no work of any kind for a week. Then came another Sunday. He dreaded and longed for the day always, but since the red-haired girl had sketched him there was rather more dread than desire in his mind.

He discovered that Maisie had entirely neglected his suggestions about line work. She had gone off at score filled with some absurd notion for a "fancy head." It cost Dick something to command his temper.

"What't the good of suggesting anything?" he said, pointedly.

"Ah, but this will be a picture—a real picture; and I know that Kami will let me send it to the Salon. You don't mind, do you!"

"I suppose not. But you won't have time for the Salon."

Maisie hesitated a little. She even felt uncomfortable.

"We're going over to France a month sooner because of it. I shall get the idea sketched out here and work it up at Kami's."

Dick's heart stood still and he came very near to being disgusted with his queen who could do no wrong. "Just when I thought I had made some headway, she goes off chasing butterflies. It's too maddening."

There was no possibility of arguing, for the red-haired girl was in the studio. Dick could only look unutterable reproach.

"I'm sorry," he said, "and I think you make a mistake. But what's the idea of your new picture?"

"I took it from a book."

"That's bad to begin with. Books aren't the places for pictures. And——"

"It's this," said the red-haired girl behind him. "I was reading it to Maisie the other day from the 'City of Dreadful Night.' D'you know the book!"

"A little. I am sorry I spoke. There are pictures in it. What has taken her fancy!"

"The description of the Melancolia:

Her folded wings as of a mighty eagle,
But all too impotent to lift the regal
Robustness of her earth-born strength and pride.

And here again. Maisie, get the tea, dear.

The forehead charged with baleful thoughts and dreams
The houshold bunch of keys, the housewife's gown,
Voluminous indented, and yet rigid
As though a shell of burnished metal frigid,
Her feet thick-shod to tread all weakness down."

There was no attempt to conceal the scorn of the lazy voice. Dick winced.

"But that has been done already by an obscure artist of the name of Durer," said he. "How does the poem run!

'Three centuries and threescore years ago
With phantasies of his peculiar thought.'

You might just as well try to rewrite Hamlet. It will be waste of time."

"No, it won't," said Maisie, putting down the teacups with clatter to reassure herself. "And I mean to do it. Can't you see what a beautiful thing it would make?"

"How in perdition can one do work when one hasn't had the proper training! Any fool can get a notion. It needs training to drive the thing through—training and conviction: not rushing after the first fancy." Dick spoke between his teeth.

"You don't understand," said Maisie "I think I can do it."

Again the voice of the girl behind him:

"Baffled and beaten back, she works on still;
Weary and sick of soul, she works the more,
Sustained by her indomitable will,
The hands shall fashion, and the brain hall pour,
And all her sorrow shall be turned to labe—

I fancy Maisie means to embody herself in the picture."

"Sitting on a throne of rejected pictres! No, I shan't dear. The notion in itself has fascinated me. Of course, you don't are for fancy heads, Dick. I don't think you could do them. You like blood and bones."

"That's a direct challenge. If you can do a Melancolia that isn't merely a sorrowful female head, I can do a better one; and I will, too. What do you know about Melancolias!" Dick firmly believed that he was even then tasting three-quarters of all the sorrow in the world.

"She was a woman," said Maie, "and she suffered a great deal—till she could suffer no more. Then she began to laught it all, and then I painted her, and sent her to the Salon."

The red-haired girl rose up, and left the room, laughing.

CHAPTER VII.

"If I have taken the common clay
And wrought it cunningly
In the shape of a god that was digged dod,
The greater honor to me."

"If thou hast taken the common clay
And thy hands be not free
From the taint of the soil, thou hast ade thy spoil
The greater shame to thee."
—The Te lotters.

Dick looked at Maisie humbly a hopelessly.

"Never mind about the picture, he said. "Are you really going back to Kami's a month before your time!"

"I must go, if I want to get the picture done."

"And that's all you want!"

"Of course. Don't be stupid, Dick."

"You haven't the power. You have only the ideas—the ideas and the little cheap impulses. How you could have kept your work for ten years steadily is a mystery to me. So you are really going, a month before you need!"

"I must do my work!"

"Your work—bah! No, I don't mean that. It's all right, dear. Of me you must do your work, and—I think I'll say good-by for this week."

"Won't you even stay for tea!"

"No, thank you. Have I your leave to go, dear! There's nothing more particularly want me to do, and their work doesn't matter."

"I wish you could stay, and that we could talk over my picture. If only one single picture's a success it draws attention to all the others. I know some of my work is good, if only people could see. And you needn't have been so rude about."

"I'm sorry. We'll talk the Melancolia over some of the other Sundays. There are four more—yes, one, two three four—before you go. Good-by, Maisie."

Maisie stood by the studio wow, thinking, a little white at the corners of her lips, till the red-haired girl reted.

"Dick's gone off," said he, "just when I want to talk about my picture. Isn't it selfish of him!"

Her companion opened her as if to speak, shut them again, and went on reading "The City of Dreadful Night."

Dick was in the park, walking round and round a tree that he had chosen his confidant for many Sundays. He was swearing audibly, and when found that the infirmities of the English ague hemmed his rage, he sought solation in Arabic, which is expressly deed for the use of the afflicted. He was not pleased with the reward of his patient service, nor was he pleased with himself, and it was long before he arrived at proposition that the queen could do no wr.

"It's a losing game," he sa "I'm worth nothing when a whim of hers a question. But in a losing game at Portland we used to double the stakes and go. She do s Melancolia! She hasn't the ver, or the insight, or the training. Of the desire. She's cursed with the curse Reuben. She won't do linework because means 'real work, and yet she's stronger than I am. I'll make her understand that I can beat her or her own Melancolia. Even then she wouldn't care. She says I can only do blood and bones. I don't believe she has blood in her veins. All the same I love her; and I must go on loving her; and if I can humble her inordinate vanity I will. I'll do a Melancolia that shall be something like a Melancolia—'the Melancolia that transcends all wit.' I'll do it at once, con—bless her."

He discovered that the notion would not come to order, and that he could not free his mind for an hour from the thought of Maisie's departure. He took very small interest in her rough studies for the Melancolia when she showed them next week. The Sundays were racing past, and the time was at hand when all the church bells in London could not ring Maisie back to him. Once or twice he said something to Binkie about "hermaphroditic futilities," but the little dog received so many confidences both from Torpenhow and Dick that he did not trouble his tulip ears to listen.

Dick was permitted to see the girls off. They were going by the Dover night boat; and they hoped to return in August. It was then February, and Dick felt that he was being hardly used. Maisie was so busy stripping the small house across the park and packing her canvases that she had no time for thought. Dick went down to Dover and wasted a day there fretting over a wonderful possibility. Would Maisie at the very last allow him one small kiss! He reflected that he might capture her by the strong arm, as he had seen women captured in the Southern Soudan, and lead her away; but Maisie would never be led. She would turn her gray eyes upon him and say: "Dick, how selfish you are!" Then his courage would fail him. It would be better after all to beg for that kiss.

Maisie looked more than usually kissable as she stepped from the night mail on to the windy pier, in a waterproof and a little gray cloth travelling cap. The red-haired girl was not so lovely. Her green eyes were hollow and her lips were dry. Dick saw the trunks aboard, and went to Maisie's side in the darkness under the bridge. The mail bags were thundering into the forehold, and the red-haired girl was watching them.

"You'll have a rough passage to-night," said Dick. "It's blowing outside. I suppose I may come over and see you if I'm good!"

"You musn't. I shall be busy. At least, if I want you I'll send for you. But I shall write from Vitry-sur-Marne. I shall have heaps of things to consult you about. Oh, Dick, you have been so good to me!—so good to me!"

"Thank you for that, dear. It hasn't made any difference, has it!"

"I can't tell a fib. It hasn't—in that way. But don't think I'm not grateful."

"Damn the gratitude!" said Dick, huskily, to the paddle box.

"What's the use of worrying! You know I should ruin your life, and you'd ruin mine, as things are now. You remember what you said when you were so angry that day in the Park? One of us has to be broken. Can't you wait till that day comes!"

"No, love. I want you unbroken—all to myself."

Maisie shook her head. "My poor Dick, what can I say!"

"Don't say anything. Give me a kiss! Only one kiss, Maisie. I'll swear I won't take any more. You might as well, and then I can be sure you are grateful."

Maisie put her cheek forward, and Dick took his reward in the darkness. It was only one kiss, but, since there was no time limit specified, it was a long one. Maisie wrenched herself free angrily, and Dick stood abashed and tingling from head to heel.

"Good-by, darling. I didn't mean to scare you. I'm sorry. Only—keep well and do good work—specially the Melancolia. I'm going to do one, too. Remember me to Kami, and be careful what you drink. Country drinking water is bad everywhere, but it's worse in France. Write to me if you want anything, and good-by. Say good-by to the what-you-call-um girl, and—can't I have another kiss! No. You're quite right. Good-by."

A shout told him that it was not seemly to charge up the mail bag incline. He reached the pier as the steamer began to move off, and he followed her with his heart.

"And there's nothing—nothing in the wide world—to keep us apart except her obstinacy. These Calais night boats are much too small. I'll get Torp to write to the papers about it. She's beginning to pitch already."

Maisie stood where Dick had left her till she heard a little cough at her elbow. The red-haired girl's eyes were alight with cold flame.

"He kissed you!" she said. "How could you let him, when he wasn't anything to you! How dared you take a kiss from him! Oh, Maisie, let's go to the cabin. I'm sick—deadly sick."

"We aren't into open water yet. Go down, dear, and I'll stay here. I don't like the smell of the engines. Poor Dick! He deserved one—only one. But I didn't think he'd frighten me so."

Dick returned to town next day just in time for lunch, for which he had telegraphed. To his disgust, there were only empty plates in his studio. He lifted up his voice like the bears in the fairy tale, and Torpenhow entered, looking very guilty.

"H'sh!" said he. "Don't make such a noise. I took it. Come into my rooms and I'll show you why."

Dick paused amazed at the threshold, for on Torpenhow's sofa lay a girl asleep and breathing heavily. The little cheap sailor hat, the blue-and-white dress, fitter for June than for February, dabbled with mud at the skirts; the jacket trimmed with imitation Astrakhan and ripped at the shoulder-seams, the one-and-eleven penny umbrella, and above all the disgraceful condition of the kid-topped boots, declared all things.

"Oh, I say, old man, this is too bad! You mustn't bring this sort up here. They steal things from the rooms."

"It looks bad, I admit, but I was coming in after lunch, and she staggered into the hall. I thought that she was drunk at first, but it was collapse. I couldn't leave her as she was, so I brought her up here and gave her your lunch. She was fainting from want of food. She went fast asleep the minute she had finished."

"I know something of that complaint. She's been living on sausages, I suppose. Torp, you should have handed her over to a policeman for presuming to faint in a respectable house. Poor little wretch! Look at that face! There isn't an ounce of immorality in it. Only folly, slack, fatuous, feeble, futile folly. It's a typical head. D'you notice how the skull begins to show through the flesh padding on the face and cheek bone!"

"What a cold-blooded barbarian it is! Don't hit a woman when she's down. Can't we do anything? She was simply dropping with starvation. She almost fell into my arms, and when she got to the food she ate like a wild beast. It was horrible."

"I can give her money, which she would probably spend in drinks. Is she going to sleep forever!"

The girl opened her eyes and glared at the men between terror and effrontery.

"Feeling better!" said Torpenhow.

"Yes. Thank you. There aren't many gentlemen that are as kind as you are."

"When did you leave service!" said Dick, who had been watching the scarred and chapped hands.

"How did you know I was in service. I was. General servant. I didn't like it."

"And how do you like being your own mistress!"

"Do I look as if I liked it!"

"I suppose not. One moment. Would you be good enough to turn your face to the window!"

The girl obeyed, and Dick watched her face keenly—so keenly that she made as if to hide behind Torpenhow.

"The eyes have it," said Dick walking up and down. They are superb eyes for my business. And, after all, every head depends on the eyes. This has been sent from heaven to make up for—what was taken away. Now the weekly strain's off my shoulders, I can get to work in earnest. Evidently sent from heaven. Yes. Raise your chin a little, please."

"Gently, old man, gently. You're scaring somebody out of her wits," said Torpenhow, who could see the girl trembling.

"Don't let him hit me! Oh, please don't let him hit me! I've been hit cruel to-day because I spoke to a man. Don't let him look at me like that! He's reg'lar wicked, that one. Don't let him look at me like that, neither! Oh, I feel as if I hadn't anything on when he looks at me like that!"

The overstrained nerves in the frail body gave way, and the girl wept like a little child and began to scream. Dick threw open the window and Torpenhow flung the door back.

"There you are," said Dick, soothingly "My friend here can call for a policeman, and you can run through that door Nobody is going to hurt you."

The girl sobbed convulsively for a few minutes and then tried to laugh.

"Nothing in the world to hurt you. Now listen to me for a minute. I'm what they call an artist by profession. You know what artists do!"

"They draw the things in red and black ink on the pop shop labels."

"I dare say. I haven't risen to pop shop labels yet. Those are done by the Academicians. I want to draw your head."

"What for!"

"Because it's pretty. That is why you will come to the room across the landing three times a week at eleven in the morning, and I'll give you three quid a week just for sitting still and being drawn. And there's a quid on account."

"For nothing! Oh, my!" The girl turned the sovereign in her hand, and with more foolish tears: "Ain't neither o' you two gentleman afraid of my bilking you!"

"No. Only ugly girls do that. Try and remember this place. And, by the way, what's your name!"

"I'm Bessie—Bessie—— It's no use giving the rest. Bessie Broke—Stone broke, if you like. What's your names! But there—no one ever gives the real ones."

Dick consulted Torpenhow with his eyes. "My name's Heldar, and my friend's called Torpenhow; and you must be sure to come here. Where do you live!"

"South—the—water—one room—five and sixpence a week. Aren't you making fun of me about that three quid!"

"You'll see later on. And, Bessie, next time you come remember, you needn't wear that paint. It's bad for the skin. I have all the colors you'll be likely to need."

Bessie withdrew, scrubbing her cheek with a ragged pocket handkerchief. The two men looked at each other.

"You're a man," said Torpenhow.

"I'm afraid I've been a fool. It isn't our business to run about the earth reforming Bessie Brokes. And a woman of any kind has no right on this landing."

"Perhaps she won't come back."

"She will if she thinks she can get food and warmth here. I know she will, worse luck. But remember, old man, she isn't a woman, she's my model, and be careful."

"The idea! She's a dissolute little scarecrow—a gutter-snippet and nothing more."

"So you think. Wait till she has been fed a little and freed from fear. That fair type recovers itself quickly. You won't know her in a week or two, when that abject fear has died out of her eyes She'll be too happy and smiling for my purposes."

"But surely you're taking her out of charity!—to please me!"

"I am not in the habit of playing with hot coals to please anybody. She has been sent from heaven, as I may have remarked before, to help me with my Melancolia."

"Never heard a word about the lady before."

"What's the use of having a friend, if you must sling your notions at him in words! You ought to know what I'm thinking about. You've heard me grunt lately!"

"Even so; but grunts mean anything in your language, from bad 'baccy to wicked dealers. And I don't think I've been much in your confidence for some time."

"It was high and soulful grunt. You ought to have understood that it meant the Melancolia." Dick walked Torpenhow up and down the room, keeping silent. Then he smote him in the ribs. "Now don't you see it! Bessie's abject futility, and the terror in her eyes, welded on to one or two details in the way of sorrow that have come under my experience lately, likewise some orange and black—two keys of each. But I can't explain on an empty stomach."

"It sounds mad enough. You'd better stick to your soldiers Dick, instead of maundering about heads and eyes and experiences."

"Think so!" Dick began to dance on his heels singing:

They're as proud as a turkey when they hold the ready cash
You ought to 'ear the way they laugh and joke;
They are tricky an' they're funny when they've got the ready money—
Ow! but see 'em when they're all stone-broke.

Then he sat down to pour out his heart to Maisie in a four-sheet letter of counsel and encouragement, and registered an oath that he would get to work with an undivided heart as soon as Bessie should reappear.

The girl kept her appointment unpainted and unadorned, afraid and overbold by turns. When she found that she was merely expected to sit still she grew calmer, and criticised the appointments of the studio with freedom and some point. see Bessie in the half-light making her little supplication to Torpenhow. She was kneeling by his side, and her hands were clasped across his knee.

"Torp," said Dick across the landing. He could hardly steady his voice. "Come here a minute, old man. I'm in trouble. Heaven send he'll listen to me!" There was something very like an oath from Bessie's lips. She was afraid of Dick, and disappeared down the staircase in panic, but it seemed an age before Torpenhow entered the studio. He went to the mantelpiece, buried his head on his arms, and groaned like a wounded bull.

"What the devil right have you to interfere!" he said, at last.

"Who's interfering with which! Your own sense told you long ago that you could not be such a fool. It was a tough rack, St. Anthony, but you're all right now."

"I oughtn't to have seen her moving about these rooms as if they belonged to her. That's what upset me. It gives a lonely man a sort of hankering, doesn't it!" said Torpenhow, piteously.

"Now you talk sense. It does. But, since you aren't in a condition to discuss the disadvantages of double housekeeping, do you know what you're going to do!"

"I don't. I wish I did."

"You're going away for a season on a brilliant tour to regain tone. You're going to Brighton, or Scarborough, or Prawle Point, to see the ships go by. And you're going at once. Isn't it odd? I'll take care of Binkie, but out you go immediately. Never resist the devil. He holds the bank. Fly from him. Pack your things and go."

"I believe you're right. Where shall I go!"

"And you call yourself a special correspondent! Pack first and inquire afterward."

An hour later Torpenhow was dispatched into the night in a hansom. "You'll probably think of some place to go while you're moving," said Dick. "Go to Euston to begin with, and—oh, yes—get drunk tonight."

He returned to the studio, and lighted more candles, for he found the room very dark.

"Oh, you Jezebel! you futile little Jezebel! Won't you hate me to-morrow!—Binkie, come here."

Binkie turned over on his back on the hearth-rug, and Dick stirred him with a meditative foot.

"I said she was not immoral. I was wrong. She said she could cook. That showed premeditated sin. Oh, Binkie, if you are a man you will go to perdition: but if you are a woman, and say that you can cook, you will go to a much worse place."

CHAPTER VIII.

What's yon that follows at my side?
The foe that ye must fight, my lord,
That hirples swift as I can ride!
The shadow of the night, my lord,
Then wheel my horse against the foe!
He's down and overpast my lord.
Ye war against the sunset glow;
The darkness gathers fast, my lord.
The Fight of Heriot's Ford.

"This is a cheerful life," said Dick, some days later. "Torp's away; Bessie hates me; I can't get at the notion of the Melancolia; Maisie's letters are scrappy, and I believe I have indigestion. What gives a man pains across his head and spots before his eyes, Binkie! Shall us take some liver pills!",

Dick had just gone through a lively scene with Bessie. She had for the fiftieth time, reproached him for sending Torpenhow away. She explained her enduring hatred for Dick, and made it clear to him that she only sat for the sake of his money. "And Mr. Torpenhow's ten times a better man than you," she concluded.

"He is. That's why he went away. I should have stayed and made love to you."

The girl sat with her chin on her hand, scowling. "To me! I'd like to catch you! If I wasn't afraid o' being hung I'd kill you. That's what I'd do. D'you believe me!"

Dick smiled wearily. It is not pleasant to live in the company of a notion that will not work out, a fox terrier that cannot talk, and a woman who talks too much. He would have answered, but at that moment there unrolled itself from one corner of the studio a veil, as it were, of the filmiest gauze. Dick rubbed his eyes, but the gray haze would not go.

"This is disgraceful indigestion. Binkie, we will go to a medicineman. We can't have our eyes interfered with, for by those we get our bread; also mutton bones for little dogs."

He was an affable local practitioner with white hair, and he said nothing till Dick She liked the warmth and the comfort and the release from fear or physical pain. Dick made two or three studies of her head in monochrome, but the actual notion of the Melancolia would not arrive.

"What a mess you keep things in!" said Bessie, some days later when she felt herself thoroughly at home. "I s'pose your clothes are just as bad. Gentlemen never think what buttons and tape are made for."

"I buy things to wear, and wear 'em till they go to pieces. I don't know what Torpenhow does."

Bessie made diligent inquiry in the latter's room, and unearthed a bale of disreputable socks. "Some of these I'll mend now," she said, "and some I'll take home. D'you know, I set all day long at home doing nothing just like a lady, and no more noticing them other girls in the house then if they was so many flies! I don't have any unnecessary words, but I put 'em down quick, I can tell you, when they talk to me. No; it's quite nice these days, I lock the door, and they can only call me names through the keyhole, and I sit inside just like a lady, mending socks. Mr. Torpenhow wears his socks out both ends at once."

"Three quid a week from me and the delights of my society. No socks mended. Nothing from Torp except a nod on the landing now and again, and all his socks mended. Bessie is very much a woman," thought Dick, and he looked at her between half-shut eyes. Food and rest had transformed the girl, as Dick knew they would.

"What are you looking at me like that for!" she said, quickly. "Don't. You look reg'lar bad when you look that way. You don't think much o' me, do you!"

"That depends on how you behave."

Bessie behaved beautifully. Only it was difficult at the end of a sitting to bid her go forth into the gray streets. She very much preferred the studio and a big chair by the stove, with some socks in her lap as an excuse for delay. Then Torpenhow would come in, and Bessie would be moved to tell strange and wonderful stories of her past, and still stranger ones of her present improved circumstances. She would make them tea as though she had a right to make it; and once or twice on these occasions Dick caught Torpenhow's eyes fixed on the trim figure, and because Bessie's flittings about the room made Dick ardently long for Maisie, he realized whither Torpenhow's thoughts were tending. And Bessie was exceedingly careful of the condition of Torpenhow's linen. She spoke very little to him, but sometimes they talked on the landing.

"I was a great fool," Dick said to himself. "I know what red fire-light looks like when a man's tramping through a strange town; and ours is a lonely, selfish sort of life at the

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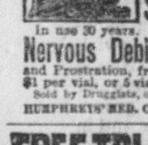

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A QUEER OUTFIT

LOWELL, Mass., September 10.—The police last evening arrested a peddler, whose name appears to be G. Levick, for an assault on a woman near the fair grounds. His satchels contained material which show the arrest to be an important one. There was a letter from Rufus Ford, a Boston lawyer, referring to negotiations with Levi S. Gould in his office, in regard to an exchange of a "dead dog for a defunct cat;" also referring to the Farmer's Loan and Trust Company. This is believed to be a cover for peculiar business. In one satchel were seventeen $1,000 gold-bearing bonds of the Canada, Michigan & Chicago railroad, made to the National Trust company of New York. The bonds were pronounced genuine by Judge Hadley and the cashier of the First National bank, but investigation found no such corporation as those named. Levick says the bonds are worthless, but he has been selling them. A loaded and an unloaded revolver were found in his satchel and the 'Life of Christ,' religious pictures, etc. Levick says he has studied law and medicine, and used to be a member of the Philadelphia fire department. He is middle aged and bald, and was dressed in coarse clothes.

Missionaries Killed in China.

WASHINGTON, September 10.—The department of state has received a telegraphic dispatch from the minister at Perkin, reporting that a riot has occurred at Ichang on the Yang-sty-Kiang river, in the province of Hoo Pe, and that an establishment of American missionaries there had been destroyed. No further particulars are given, The gravity of the situation in China increases daily and the navy department is lending its aid to protect America interests. The Charleston and the Petrel are under orders to proceed immediately to China to strengthen Admiral Belknap's fleets, but they can hardly reach their destination inside of two months.

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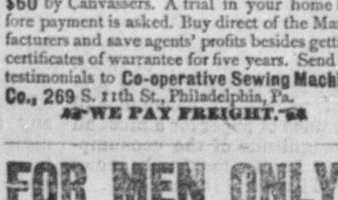

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Bellefonte Republican.

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The Ceremony was Different.

A wedding ceremony occurred some years ago of a then United States Senator who, a widower twice over, had for the third time succumbed to Cupid's wiles, says the Boston Herald. At his first and second marriage the ceremony had been performed by an Episcopal clergyman, and hence the Senator was quite familiar with the Episcopal marriage form.

But the beautiful woman who had captured his affections the third time was a devoted Presbyterian, and naturally wished the connubial knot to be tied by a minister of her own church according to its simple service. To this the statesman lover made no objection. The character of the service was of small account to him, so long as it served to unite him to the object of his adoration, and the thought that he might blunder in the course of it never disturbed for a moment the serenity of his mind.

But, standing beside his bride to be, stage fright, as it might be called, seized him. In his excitement he began to marry himself, as it were, by the Episcopal service, repeating glibly, "I, ——, take thee, ——, to be my wedded wife," and he probably would have gone on to the end if the astonished Presbyterian minister, who immediately appreciated the situation, had not interposed, and, interrupting the bridegroom, performed the ceremony with the brevity of the Presbyterian form.

At the point where the perturbed groom seemed bent on doing the business for himself, a distinguished brother Senator present drew near to a lady, another guest, a close friend of his own and of the bridal pair, and whispered in a pitying tone:—

"Poor ——, He's used to being married by the other service."

Tar and Feathers.

An ancient *fabliau* preserves an incident of a dame who, wishing to punish a cure, a provost, and a forester for persecuting her with their dishonorable suits, made appointments with them to visit her, and then contrived that they should be stripped and thrown into a cask full of feathers, whence they were hunted by her husband, with all the dogs and inhabitants of the village at their heels. In England this penalty was introduced for a different offense in 1189, when Richard I., before setting out for the Holy Land, ordained, in order to preserve the discipline of his fleet, that whosoever should be convicted of theft should first have his head shaved; that boiling pitch should then be poured upon it, and a cushion of feathers (*de la plume d'oreiller*) shaken over it. He was afterward to be put on shore at the first place the ship touched at; though, after a baptism of boiling pitch, the poor wretch, I fancy, would have little life left in him. In modern times the practice has found favor with the populace as means of readily executing justice on an offender whom the law, perhaps, shows no anxiety to reach.—The Gentleman's Magazine.

Brahmin Family Life.

A Brahmin official considers that Hindoo family life is vastly superior to that of the English family. The Hindoo rigidly observes the laws of hospitality, and in the house the whole internal management of the family depends upon the woman.

The Hindoo considers the kitchen as a sacred place, and in it no one is allowed to wear shoes. Even in the richest families the women consider it a pride to perform the kitchen duties, and no Hindoo would take food unless it was prepared by a female who has come from a good family, and who is chaste and high-minded.

A Hindoo wife is faithful to her husband both during his life and after his death. The sublime tenderness of the Hindoo marriage tie is quite incomprehensible to ordinary European understanding. No religious service is perfect unless the wife takes her share in it.

Divorce is not known in Hindoo law, nor is there any such thing among the Hindoos. The whole self-adjusting machinery of the family life works with perfect harmony.—N. Y. Home Journal.

Ruined by a Boy's Shrewd Pluck.

There is a good story going the rounds about a man who has become a successful merchant. A few years ago he was employed as an office boy and messenger for a large firm. He was sent to collect an account from a firm which was considered very "shaky," and was told to get the money at all hazards. The debtor gave the lad a check for £50. He went to the bank at once to cash it, and was told by the cashier that there was not enough funds to meet it.

"How much short?" asked the lad.

"Thirty shillings," was the answer.

It lacked but a minute or two of the time for the bank to close. The boy felt in his pockets, took out thirty shillings, and, pushing it through the window, said, "Put that to the credit of Blank & Co.

The cashier did so, whereupon the boy presented the check and got the money. Blank & Co. failed the next day, and their chagrin can be better imagined than described when they found out the trick that had been played upon them.—London Tid-Bits.

Serving a Peacock.

The peacock was of old a right royal bird which figured splendidly at the banquets of the great. And this is how the mediæval cooks dished up the dainty:

Take and flay off the skin with the feathers, tail, neck and head thereon. Then take the skin and all the feathers and lay it on the table abroad and strew thereon ground cumin; then take the peacock and roast him and baste him with raw yolks of eggs and when he is roasted take him off and let him cool awhile. Then take him and sew him in his skin and gild his comb and so send him forth for the last course.

USES OF WOOD PULP.

Sixty-Seven Cords of Poplar Required for One Newspaper Issue.

Wood pulp is now extensively used as a composition for mouldings and decorative purposes in private and public buildings. In the manipulation of this composition, beautiful effect can be obtained by mixing in it the various aniline colors—strong or tinted—or those known as metallic colors. Bronze powders, of varied colors, may also be used with pleasing results. By the use of this material all the better qualities of fine-grained wood are obtained without any of the drawbacks of shrinking or expanding on account of atmospheric conditions. The extent to which the wood pulp business has been developed in this country is not generally known. The inroads on our forests, which its growing consumption for railway ties, building and the requirements of the press involve are enormous. So serious has this matter become, it is stated, that unless each State passes a law for the encouragement of tree planting, so that our woods can be replenished, there will soon be a tree famine.

As giving an inkling of the magnitude of the general consumption of wood pulp, a correspondent states that for a single edition of a prominent daily paper seventeen tons of blank paper was required. This was the product of 67 cords of poplar. In 22 hours from the time of felling the trees it had been turned into printed papers. The process is thus divided with respect to a test case: Chopping one and one-half cords of wood, 3 hours; manufacturing into pulp, 12 hours; transporting to printing office, 1 hour and 20 minutes; wetting paper preparatory to printing, 30 minutes; printing 10,000 copies, 10 minutes. This shows the rapidity with which raw material may be turned into a finished article. When it is considered that the foregoing figures refer to only one paper in one city, and that almost every newspaper is printed from material consisting largely, and often almost wholly, of wood pulp, which is also used in the production of nearly all common and medium grades of paper for almost all uses, the magnitude of the consumption of wood in pulp making becomes apparent.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Getting a Seat by Strategy.

A nice young man got into a tram car a few evenings ago and saw to his delight the only vacant seat was by the side of a young lady acquaintance. He made for that seat with joyous strides, and her eyes answered his with delighted looks. But just as he got there an elderly party walked up and dropped into the coveted seat. The young man approached more slowly and accosted the young lady.

"How is your brother?" he asked; "is he able to get out?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered.

"Will he be very badly marked?" he continued, and the old gentleman grew suddenly interested.

"Oh, no!" she said, "with the exception of a few marks on his forehead."

"Were you not afraid of taking it?" the young man continued, while the old gentleman broke out in a cool perspiration.

"Not at all," she replied; "I have been vaccinated, you know."

The seat was vacated instantly, the two innocent young hearts beat as half a dozen, and the prattle of "nice talk" strewed that part of the car, while an old gentleman scowled upon them from the distant corner.—London Tit-Bits.

Heredity in Cats.

"Why does a cat walk around upon the hearth-rug for about five minutes before he takes his seat? I'm s o—as the English people say—I don't know. A neighbor of mine, however, was watching his cat going through the gyrating preliminaries the other evening, and he told me what he believed to be the truth of the matter. He says he got his facts from Darwin. I hope he does, but as the children in the Seventh Reader say: 'One can't most always tell!' It seems that the leopard, panther and tiger race, so that no amount of domestication has been able to eradicate inherited tendencies. The animals mentioned live in the woods—when they are not in zoological gardens—and they have no hired help to prepare beds for them. When ready to go to rest they have to find fallen leaves and tree branches, not well assorted. They tramp round and round on the spot where they propose to lie until it is reduced to the necessary condition to a couch. Our friend's cat was carrying on the tradition."—Chicago Journal.

No Place Like Home.

A little girl in the primary department of one of the public schools here took great interest in what her teacher said in relation to the animalculæ in water one day this week. When she reached home in the afternoon she was very thirsty and her mother asked her the cause. "Our teacher," said the child, "says the water at the school is all full of worms and bugs, so I waited to drink until I got home."—Kingston (N. Y.) Freeman.

SOME GAY OLD TIMES.

THE ANCIENTS REVELLED IN LUXURY UNKNOWN AT PRESENT.

How the Roman Emperors Amused their Guests—Lavish Expenditures Beside Which Modern Extravagance Pales Into Insignificance.

Before the splendor and luxury of the ancients the costliest show of modern high life is as naught. Time and again nations have reached a culminating point of sensuous extravagance that words can hardly describe. The vanity of riches, the love of adornment, the eternal craving of the human for something new, at any price, has caused the downfall of the mightiest peopies of the world. Chinese, Hindoos, Egyptians, Grecians and Romans have all worshiped before these idols; they could not believe their capacity for sensuality was limited. Their extravagance knew no limits. They exhausted themselves in depraved cravings for new pleasures. Weakened by insane excesses, unable to rally from the depths of vice, they all fell a prey to barbarian hordes, and the glories of their civilizations sank to rise no more.

Long before the days of the Emperors corruption had reached a high-water mark in Rome. Republican simplicity had gone forever. To the victors belonged the spoils, and the conquerors of the world dragged home such treasures of gold and silver, of precious stones and works of art, that there was no need for the populace to work. The generals vied with each other in bidding for popular favor. They gave public feasts of such magnitude that armies were employed to gather up the fragments, and the yellow waters of the Tiber were covered for days with the remains of these orgies. To make a fortune in those days one had to spend one. When a candidate for Consul, Crassus invited all Rome to a banquet spread on 10,000 tables, and at a funeral of a daughter Cæsar gave a feast of 22,000 tables.

Before the latter got an office he owed $2,000,000, and Clodius was once $6,000,000 in debt, and yet these sums were only bagatelles for a Roman of rank. Pompey brought back $30,000,000 from one campaign, and Scylla scraped together a paltry $20,000,000, besides a few boatloads of gold and bronze statues. There is no telling the exact wealth of Lycullus, but he lived in magnificent style, and the refinement of luxury to be witnessed at his palaces has seldom been equaled. When Cæsar and Pompey dropped in upon him one day they only consented to stay to supper if he would not go to any extra trouble on their account. He clapped his hands and when the slave appeared he gave the simple order: "We dine in the Appollo tonight." His guests stayed with him so that he had no chance to give any particular command; yet that night Cæsar and Pompey sat down to a repast they confessed they had never seen the like. In the magnificent hall, filled with the costliest works of Grecian art, they reclined on cushions of purple silk worth $1,000 a yard. Scores of the loveliest maidens waited on them, the most delightful music soothed their ears fountains of perfume cooled with the mountain snows sprayed the sweetest odors, turning tablets on the roof showered down the most delicate flowers, and all the countries of the world were under tribute to give their palates some new taste. Probably no Roman ever lived better than Lycullus.

There were other epicures less celebrated for refinement but equaling this Roman in extravagance. Apicius spent four millions in a few years in eating and giving to eat. One day the populace was howling for a feast. The noise reached him in his magnificent villa just outside of Rome. "Why do they clamor?" he asked. On being told the reason he caused a splendid supper to be prepared, and then sat down to figure up his fortune. Only half a million remained—penury stared him in the face. He retired early during the dinner and hanged himself.

But as a glutton Vitellius is easily first. In eight months he squandered the incredible sum of $20,000,000 in feasting alone. At his table appeared every delicacy of the day—brains of nightingales and peacocks, heads of parrots, tongues of thrushes and flamingoes, roes of lampreys, etc. He kept six ponds for red mullet and paid thousands for a fish of any extra size. His cooks had salaries ten times as large as his tutors and his dancing girls were paid 100 times as much as his cooks. In striving to beat this record the crazy young Elagabalus mashed his pas with grains of gold, stirred his bens with amber and mixed pearls with his rice. When at the seaside he would not touch fish, but when far inland he had his army supplied with fresh pe. His shoes sparkled with rubies nd sapphires, and he was the first Roman to wear a complete suit of silk. His chariots were of gold studded with precious stones, and yet he grew so tired of life after four years of his splendor that he contemplated committing suicide by a golden dagger inlaid with emeralds. The soldiers saved him the trouble by killing him with a plebeian iron sword.—Detoit Free Press.

Not a Silent Partner.

A drummer in a Grand Rapids merchant's store was making some inquiries about his business.

"You run the establishment alne, I notice," he began.

"Yep."

"Anybody in with you."

"Yep."

"His name does not appear on our sign?"

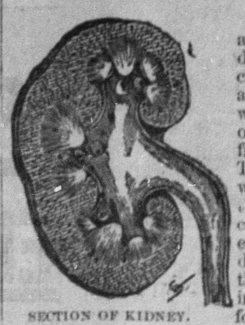
"Nope."

"Ah! A silent partner?"

"Not much! It's my wife."—Detroit Free Press.

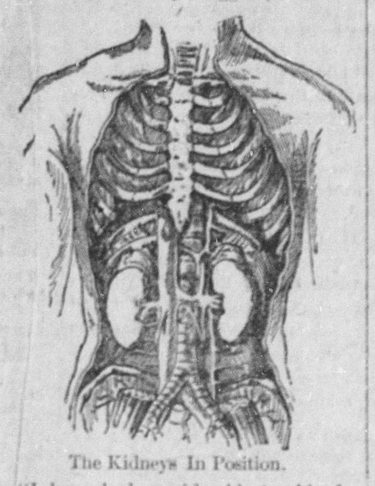
OUR KIDNEYS.

ALL OUGHT TO KNOW THESE FACTS.



SECTION OF KIDNEY.

Our kidneys act like the drains under cities, to collect and carry away waste or poisonous materials from the body. The nerves which control them often become weakened, irritated, diseased. Then the function is imperfectly performed, uric acid and other poisonous substances are retained, causing pain and weakness in back, high colored excretion with sediment, constant desire to void, headache, coated toague, bad tastes, thirst, biliousness, constipation, malaria, cold feet, poor circulation, extreme nervousness and weak and tired feelings. These conditions are especially dangerous and must be cured now or alarming kidney and liver disease will surely follow. Take Dr. Greene's Nervura, which not only perfectly regulates the kidneys, liver, stomach and bowels, but gives strength and vitality to blood and nerves. This pure, vegetable, harmless remedy is sold by druggists, $1.00.



The Kidneys In Position.

"I have had considerable trouble for the last six years with my kidneys. At times I could do no work. I used Dr. Greene's Nervura. To my surprise, it gave me great relief. I have used two bottles and I am now at work the same as ever. HENRY DROWN,

242 Chandler St., Worcester, Mass.'

N B. Dr. Greene, the successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases; 35 W. 14th Street, New York, can be consulted free, personally, or by letter. Call or write him about your case, or send for symptom blank to fill out, and a letter fully explaining your disease, giving advice, etc., will be returned free.

All Its Alien Laborers Discharged.

WASHINGTON, September 21.—Superintendent Owen, of the bureau of immigration, was to-day informed that the New York Central railroad company had directed the dismissal of all its alien laborers. This means the laborers who work on the road and whose residence is in Canada. The agents of the treasury department have had considerable trouble in preventing violations of the alien contract labor law by Canadian laborers who work on the railroads crossing the boundary lines between the United States and Canada, and by Canadians who come to the United States and work by the day in the shops and then return home at night. The officers of the department are pleased at the action of the railroad company and see in it a desire on their part to comply with the spirit of the law prohibiting the importation of laborers by contract.

ALMOST KILLED.

I was almost killed by the doctors, who treated me for bleeding piles. It cost me over $100 without relief. I took Sulphur Bitters for two months, and now I am well.—*Gus Hall, Troy, N. Y.*

A Change In The Weather.

The persons who can predict a change in the weather by means of his aches and pains may be very interesting to his neighbors as a walking barometer, but the position he occupies is not an enviable one. He needs a course of S S S to make his blood pure. There is no other remedy that has proven so in curing as S S S. The testimonials to this effect cannot be gainsaid. They speak for themselves. To test the matter would not be a costly experiment to the sufferer, and it is an experiment that will surely bring relief.

PILES! PILES! ITCHING PILES.

Symptom—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

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A Wonder Worker.

Mr. Frank Huffman, a young man of Burlington, Ohio states that he had been under the care of two prominent physicians and used their treatment until he was not able to get around. They pronounced his case to be Consumption and incurable. He was persuaded to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds and at that time was not able to walk across the street without resting. He found, before, he had used half of a dollar bottle, that he was much better; he continued to use it, and is today enjoying good health. If you have any Throat, Lung or Chest trouble try it. We guarantee satisfactory. Trial bottle free at

C. M. Parrish. Druggist.

GHOSTLY VISITANTS.

SOME STRANGE AND UNACCOUNTABLE OCCURRENCES.

Stories Which Tax the Credulity of Skeptics—Extraordinary Phenomena. Unseen Hands Perform Mysterious Tricks Both Day and Night.

One of the most remarkable modern instances of supposed ghostly disturbance occurred in the home of Rev. Dr. Phelps of Stratford, Conn. Upon returning from church one day he found that all the doors of his house, which he had carefully locked on his departure, were wide open and the contents of the rooms on the first floor in the wildest confusion. Nothing had been stolen. In a room on the upper story, however, eight forms were found, each one with an open Bible held close to its face. On examination these were found to be bundles of clothes, cunningly and very skillfully arranged to represent living beings. Everything was cleared away and the room locked, but within five minutes the same scene was repeated, although the clothing had been carefully put away.

For seven months the house was disturbed by extraordinary phenomena. The most unearthly noises were heard day and night. Furniture and kitchen utensils were mysteriously moved. Glassware and window panes were broken by unseen hands before the startled inmates, and once the eleven-year-old son of the doctor was lifted bodily and carried some distance. The most diligent research discovered nothing, and not until he applied to some spiritualists in Boston did the disturbance cease.

One of the best authenticated instances of ghostly visitation is connected with Dr. Kerner's so called Seeress of Provost. Dr. Kerner for many years conducted an asylum for the insane at Weinsburg, in Southern Germany. There came to him for treatment a Mrs. Hauffe, a lady in delicate health, of great nervous irritability and with a mind which was, to say the least, not too well balanced. Wherever this afflicted woman went, and Dr. Justinus Kerner is authority, she was pursued by a variety of strange noises. Chinaware and glassware, tables and chairs, were mysteriously moved in the presence of witnesses. A medicine phial rose slowly into the air and had to be brought back by one of the bystanders.

On several occasions an easy chair was lifted up to the ceiling by unseen power and then returned slowly to the floor. On one occasion the great skeptic, Dr. Strausz, was one of her visitors, and during his stay Mrs. Hauffe fell asleep on her sofa when there immediately arose long, fearful groanings close by the doctor's side and in the vicinity of his amiable but remarkable hostess. The strange suffering woman was the only one who knew the cause of these phenomena. She ascribed them all to a dark spirit who appeared to her as a black column of smoke with a hideous head, whose unseen approach oppressed even the bystanders.

Dr. Kerner relates countless mysterious phenomena which occurred in this patient's bedroom. He beheld Mrs. Hauffe's shoes pulled off by invisible hands while she was lying almost inanimate in a trance on her bed. She revealed secrets which, upon writing to utterly unknown persons at a great distance, Dr. Kerner proved to be correctly stated.

There lived in Allegheny city at the breaking out of the Rebellion a widow by the name of MacDowell. She had one son, John by name, who lived with his mother in a two story frame house on Robinson street. The widow and her son were devotedly attached to each other, and when he came home one night and told her that he had enlisted at one of the recuiting booths on Federal street she was inconsolable.

On the afternoon of April 6, 1862, Mrs. MacDowell sat in an easy chair at the second story window of her home. It was the first day she had felt strong enough enough to leave her bed. It was warm and the sun shining brightly. As she sat alone with her wan cheek resting against against the pillows she heard a heavy step on the narrow stairway. She described the succeeding events to the first neighbor woman who reached her side as follows: "The instant I heard the step I knew it was John. As he reached the head of the stairs I turned toward the door and tried to rise and meet him, but I was too faint, and besides there was something in his face that drove all the blood from my heart. He was dressed in his uniform and was carrying a big sword in his hand. He stopped in the middle of the room and I saw under his cap, which was pushed back, a broad bandage stained with blood around his forehead. Suddenly he waved his sword and I saw an awful look, such as I had never seen before, come into my boy's eyes; he waved his sword three times and looking backward over his shoulders as he did so. I saw the sword fall from his grasp, but it made no noise on the floor; he reached both hands to me and the fierce expression died out of his eyes as he cried out, 'Oh mother,' and then before I could say a word he was gone."

A week from that day the widow McDowell was buried in the Hilldale Cemetery. On the afternoon of April 6, the day when the apparition of her boy appeared to her in the sick room, he was killed while repulsing a Confederate charge at Pittsburg Landing. He was struck by a spent ball upon the forehead early in the day, but tying a handkerchief around his forehead he remained in the fight. All the officers in his company had been killed or wounded, and he was leading his company with a sword of a dead Confederate in his hand when he was hit and instantly killed by a second bullet. His last utterance as he fell was the pathetic cry: "Oh, mother!"—Philadelphia Press.

As good as new—that's the condition of liver, stomach and bowels, when Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets have done their work. It's a work that isn't finished when you've stopped taking them, either. It's lasting. They *cure*, as well as relieve. And it's all done so mildly and gently! There's none of the violence that went with the old-time pill. One tiny, sugar-coated Pellet's a gentle laxative—three to four act as a cathartic. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are prevented, relieved and cured. As a Liver Pill, they're unequaled. They're purely vegetable, perfectly harmless—the smallest, cheapest, and easiest to take.

They're the *cheapest* pill you can buy, because they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

You only pay for *the good* you get. Can you ask more?

That's the *peculiar* plan all Dr. Pierce's medicines are sold on.

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3 cans of Corn for 25 cts.; 3 cans of Peas 25 cts.; 3 cans of Lima Beans for 25 cts.; 6 bars of Soap 25 cts.; Coffee 23-25-26-28-35 cts. per pound; 1 package Mince Meat 11 cts.; Mixed Tea (a number one quality) only 40 cts. per pound; Soup Beans 6 cts. per quart.

The above is a fair sample of our prices. Call and be convinced.

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Many peculiar points make Hood's Sarsaparilla superior to all other medicines. Peculiar in combination, proportion, and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the full curative value of the best known remedies of the vegetable kingdom. Peculiar in its strength and economy—Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine of which can truly be said, "One Hundred Doses One Dollar." Medicines in larger and smaller bottles require larger doses, and do not produce as good results as Hood's. Peculiar in its medicinal merits, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown, and has won for itself the title of "The greatest blood purifier ever discovered." Peculiar in its "good name at home,"—there is now more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold in Lowell, where it is made, than of all other blood purifiers. Peculiar in its phenomenal record of sales abroad, no other preparation has ever attained such popularity in so short a time, and retained its popularity and confidence among all classes of people so steadfastly.

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Is Peculiar to Itself

Do not be induced to buy other preparations, but be sure to get the Peculiar Medicine,

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Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

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It has proved infallible in every case, from simple **Pimples** to obstinate **Eczema**; also **Itching Piles. 50 CTS.** per box.

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Good Blood, Good Health.

The Blood Searcher is the safest Purifier ever known. Best Tonic. Cures Boils, Pimples, Tetter, Ulcers, Black Heads, and all bad Blood. Sold by Druggists.

The Sellers Medicine Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

A Perfect Success. VII

The Rev. A. Antoine Refugio, of Texas, writes: I think Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is a perfect success, for any one who suffered from a most painful nervousness as I did. I feel like myself again after taking the Tonic.

ELIZABETH, N. J., March 7, 1891.

Before I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I could not sleep nights and had a numbness of the legs, arms and sometimes all over the body, but after taking the second dose of your Nerve Tonic I could sleep well, and in three days all numbness was gone and have not felt it since.

FERDINAND BRENN.

274 ST. PAUL ST., MONTREAL, March, 1891.

A young man of 22 years, affected with epilepsy for over 20 years and a very bad case, having at least 10 to 12 fits daily, after using all kinds of medicines without benefit, used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with the desired effect.

N. QUINTAL.

FREE—**A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.**

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE—In the Orphan's Court of Centre county: In the matter of the estate of Ephraim Kupp, deceased. The undersigned, an auditor appointed by the Court to made distribution of the funds in the hands of the accountant, as shown by his account filed, to and among those legally entitled thereto, will meet the parties in interest for the purposes of his appointment, at his office in Bellefonte, on Monday, the 21st day of September, 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m., when and where all persons are required to present their claims or else be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

s3-3t W. I. SWOOPE, Auditor.

TO BE OPENED TO-DAY.

GUTHRIE, Ok., September 21.—The land to be opened for settlement to-morrow noon consists of the county of the Pacs and Foxes, 475,000 acres; of the Ioway, 229,559 acres, and of the Pottowatomies, 400,000, in all 1,101,559 acres. Some of this is adapted for raising as fine crops as any land, and some of it fertilized with tin cans would afford excellent pasturage for goats.

The Indians do not lose all their land; each buck gets a quarter section, and not only that but he is a lawful "sooner," and has already picked out the prize spots. He cannot sell his land for twenty-five years, but during that time he does not have to pay any taxes. After the Indian land and land held for school purposes have been deducted from the 1,101,559 acres about 800,000 acres are opened for actual settlement. This makes 5,000 homesteads, and there are about ten men for every homestead on the ground. Some are hovering along the line and some are already in what is known until noon to-morrow, as the forbidden country. It is old Oklahoma over again, with some modifications. There are not as many boomers and a smaller number of them are in wagons. The scenes are much the same as during the rush to Oklohoma.

Couriers from Lansing City, the negro colony, came in this morning and purchased twenty carbines and hastened back to the front. They report that the entire town site is covered with tents, of negro immigrants and that they are determined to protect themselves from any attempt on the land in Cimmaron valley.

A negro visited the cowboy camp last evening and decared there intentions. They said if they got there first they would defend their rights. If the cowboys do not imbibe too much whiskey there will probably be no trouble, but on the other hand, if they grow reckless under the influence of liquor, bloodshed is certain.

The Greatest Of All Gifts.

There is no gift to be compared with health. None realize this like the sufferer from some chronic or long-standing disease. To such the gift of renewed health is priceless. And yet it is within the reach of all such sufferers. The great specialist in the cure of all forms of nervous and chronic diseases, Dr. Greene, of 35 W 14th Street, New York, who has long stood at the head of the profession, has decided to give consultation and advice hereafter free. His wonderful discovery for the nerves, Dr. Green's Nervura, is probably the greatest medical discovery of the age. Remember, sufferer, that you can write him a description of your case and he will return a carefully considered letter fully explaining your disease, giving advice, etc., without charge of any kind. Send for his symptom blank to fill out, and follow his advice if you want to be cured.

BANKERS,

Doctors, Lawyers, Carpenters, Druggists, Engineers, Mechanics, in fact we have recommendations from people in all stations of life, testifying to the wonderful cures that Sulphur Bitters have effected. Send for testimonials. See another column.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases"

Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruption on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by any other remedy.

Ask your druggist for Swayne's Ointment.

s24-1y

Babies are the institution and should be guarded from attacks of colic by Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup.

The summer girl while climbing the mountain or bathing in the sands of the seashore should carry with her a box of Old Saul's Catarrh Cure.

It is invaluable for cold in the head.

Allow me to add my tribute to the efficacy of Ely's Cream Balm. I was suffering from a severe attack of influenza and catarrh and was induced to try your remedy. The result was marvelous. I could hardly articulate, and in less than twenty-four hours the catarrhal symptons and my hoarseness disappeared and I was able to sing a heavy role in Grand Opera with voice unimpaired. I strongly recommended it to all singers.—Wm. H. Hamilton, Leading Basso of the C. D. Hess Grand Opera Co.

Spots on the Sun.

Astronomers have this summer discovered an extraordinarily large number of spots on the sun, and predictions are made of severe atmospheric disturbances. Weather predictions are an uncertain quantity, however, and there's no cause for worry. One thing is certain, Klein's celebrated brands of "Silver Age" and Duquesne" pure rye whiskies are gaining in public favor every day. A reliable stimulant should always be kept in the house, more especially in summer, when sudden sickness is liable to attack us. "Silver Age" sells at $1.50 and "Duquesne" at $1.25 per full quart. Both are indorsed and prescribed by physicians. You can have Gibson, Finch, Guckenheimer or Overholt at $1.00 per quart, or six quarts for $5.00. Try Klein's Blackberry Brandy, pure juice of the berry, $1.00 per quart. Goods promptly shipped to all parts of the country. Send for complete catalogue and price list, mentioning this paper.

MAX KLEIN,
82 Federal Street, Allegheny, Pa.

A friend induced me to try Salvation Oil for my rheumatic foot. I used it and the rheumatism is entirely gone. John Anderson, Baltimore, Md.

Positive and unsolicited testimony from every section confirms every claim made for the wonderful efficacy of Dr Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
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"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

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"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

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From Rev James M Potts, D D, editor of the Michigan *Christian Advocate*, Detroit Michigan To say that we are delighted with the piano, does not express the fact. We are jubilant. If all your instruments are as fine in appearance and as pleasing in tone as this one, your patrons will rise by the hundred.

From Mrs A G Silverheels Coraopolis, Warren county, Pa.: We are well pleased with the organ. Good tone and found to be as represented. jy23 1y

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This old and reliable institution has prepared thousands of young men and women for the active duties of life. To those in want of a useful, practical education circulars will be sent on application. P. DUFF & SONS. s24 1m

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THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAYFEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE ELY'S CREAM BALM 50c

THE POSITIVE CURE.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.

RUPTURE

DR. J. A. SHERMAN begs to inform those whom it may concern that all patients will be furnished with his CELEBRATED RUPTURE TREATMENT during the months of May, June and July this year **at special rates,** at his principal office, 294 Broadway, New York. Safety and comfort is assured without restriction from exercise while under treatment for cure. Treatment can be had by corresponding. Send stamp for pamphlet.

HELP WANTED. Better than a Gold Mine No capital needed. No risk, but $10 to $15 a day profit. Teachers, students, ministers, bright men and ladies wanted in every town and county. No experience needed. Credit given if desired. Be early this time and secure first choice of exclusive territory on this brand new book.

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PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible Cure for Piles. Price $1. By Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, New York City.

SPECTACLES AND EYEGLASSES made by ROBERT BRUCE WALLACE, (successor to the "Fox Optical Co.") at 624 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., are conceded the best and most comfortable. Save money by having him fit your eyes. jy9-1y.

Base Ball Yesterday.

The following games were played yesterday by the National League and American Association clubs.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

At Milwaukee—Boston 5, Milwaukee 3.

At Columbus—Baltimore 8, Columbus 10.

At St. Louis—St. Louis 12, Washington 9.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

At Boston—Brooklyn 0, Boston 3.

At Cincinnati—Chicago 4, Cincinnati 1.

At Pittsburg—Cleveland 5, Pittsburg 2.

At New York—First game—Philadelphia 4, New York; 2 second game—New York 11, Philadelphia 5.

Deafness Can't Be Cured.

by local applications as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we can not cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

It is worthy of note by those not familiar with American laws that President Harrison had to pay for a license to shoot reed birds in New Jersey, just as any ordinary man, citizen or foreigner, would have had to do.

To Our Subscribers.

The Special Announcement which appeared in our columns some time since, announcing a special arrangement with Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., of Enosburgh Falls, Vt., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," whereby our subscribers were enabled to obtain a copy of that valuable work free by sending their address to B. J. Kendall Co. (and enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) is renewed for a limited period. We trust all will avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining this valuable work. To every lover of the Horse it is indispensable, as it treats in a simple manner all the diseases which afflict this noble animal. Its phenomenal sale throughout the United States and Canada, make it standard authority. Mention this paper when sending for "Treatise." a 6—11t.

—It is requested that every member of the ladies committee for the business Men's Jubilee and every girl to take part in the same will meet in Garman's opera house at 4,15 o'clock this afternoon, without fail.

LADIES

In delicate health, the result of irregularity of the natural functions, or of any of the ills peculiar to your sex, if you will write me, I will send you full information in regard to my cure, together with a few samples of the genuine testimonials I have received from thousands of thankful women. The M. U. Pastilles have stood the test of 18 years in a very extensive medical practice and have never failed to give beneficial results. Sample 12 cents; full box $1.00. Do not fail to learn more of them at once. Dr. H. H. Jackson, 103, State Street, Chicago, Ill. jy 30—1y

The combined circulation of the *Ladies Home Journal, Seed-Time and Harvest,* and *Farm Poultry,* will soon exceed one million copies. All three will be sent one year for only one dollar by the Seed-Time and Harvest Co., La Plume, Pa. h 31—2m.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affection caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50 cts. and $1.00 per bottle at C. M. Parrish Drugstore.

—The New Presbyterian church at Centre Hall will be dedicated next Sunday Dr. Freeman, of Huntingdon, will preach the dedicatory sermon.

Drunkenness, or the Liquor Habit, Positively Cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It is manufactured as a powder, which can be given in a glass of beer, a cup of coffee, or tea, or in food, without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will affect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases, and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. **It never Fails.** The system once impregnated with the Specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. Cures guaranteed. 48 page book of particulars free. Address

GOLDEN SPECIFIC Co., 185 Race St. Cincinnati, O.

Apr-25-1yr.

—The Kitty Rhoades Comedy Company is playing in Williamsport this week. Miss Rhodes and her company will be in Bellefonte the holiday week in December.

The Handsomest American Vineyard.

Mr. Alfred Speer, of Passaic, N. J. has been long and favorably known as the pioneer Grape Grower of America. His Vineyard at Passaic, N. J., are the handsomest in the country and contain over 200 miles of wire stretched on posts, and over two miles of carriage drive under grape arbors. At the season of the year when the grapes are being gathered for the press, it will well repay one to for the visit. Mr. Speer's Wines are used in the leading hospitals of the country. Can be had at all druggists.

Save Yourself Money.—When you go to Pittsburg, Pa., stop at the Anchor Hotel, corner Liberty and Fourth streets. It is a strictly first-class Hotel conducted on the European plan. Lodgings, 25,—35, or 50 cents. a16-1y

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

The Soap for Hard Water is Lenox.

Chew Old Honesty PLUG TOBACCO

It's as good as Wheat.

Every Chewer Should Insist —on— Having and Trying OLD HONESTY Plug Tobacco. Every Dealer Keeps It and it is made by Jno. Finzer & Bros. LOUISVILLE, KY.

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OUR HEARTS' DELIGHT; or Sweet Melodies of the Past and Present,

being a compilation of vocal and instrumental music, adapted to piano or organ. The work contains best and most popular selections of the renowned composers of this and foreign countries. **32 full-page lithograph portraits of famous vocalists, instrumentalists and composers. A large number of interesting biographies.** About 500 pages. Size 10 x 12 inches. Durably bound in cloth, stamped with appropriate design. This work is especially intended for musicians who desire **a variety of choice pieces.** Contains plenty for the beginner. One of the best known orchestra leaders in this country, writes "**Hearts' Delight is the best book of its kind I ever saw.**" **Complete book, $3.00, postpaid. AGENTS WANTED. Big profit. Goods on 30 days' credit. Secure territory at once.** For special terms, etc., address,

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KEEPS YOUR CHICKENS Strong and Healthy; Prevents all Disease.

Good for Moulting Hens.

It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity costs tenth of a cent a day. No other one-fourth as strong. Strictly a medicine. "One large can saved me $50; used six to prevent Roup," says one customer.

If you can't get it send to us,

We mail one pack 25c. Five $1. A 2 1-4 lb. can $1.00. Six cans, $5.00, express paid. *Poultry Raising Guide,* price 25 cents, free with $1.00 orders or more. Sample copy of THE BEST POULTRY PAPER sent free.

L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 32 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

GOLD FOR EVERYBODY.

EARTH'S CENTER A VAST DEPOSIT OF PRECIOUS METAL.

Some Speculations of Scientists—A Scheme to Bore Into the Earth Several Miles—Possibility of Striking Unlimited Treasure.

A scientific scheme of much importance has been agitated in Washington recently, so a Star reporter learned. During the last two Congresses there have been a number of representatives and two or three senators who have used their influence in favor of an appropriation for boring a hole in the earth several miles in depth. It has long been recognized that an inconceivable amount of value in the shape of precious metals and other mineral substances is locked up out of reach beneath the crust of this planet. All the riches dug out of it represent merely the most superficial and ineffective scratching of the surface. Once render accessible the internal recesses of the sphere and it is plain that every human being might be a thousand times a Monte Cristo. Surely the problem presents no insuperable obstacle to that most ingenious of animals, man, who may be said already to have all but reduced nature herself to subjection.

Geologists are agreed that the interior of the earth is largely composed of metals. Whereas the surface matter of the planet weighs only about two and one-half times as much as water, it is known as a fact that toward the centre the average weight of things is eleven times that of water. This is due to the circumstance that while this sublunary orb was cooling and condensing the heavier particles sought the middle. Therefore, it is probable that the great mass of the sphere is iron. But there are other metals more heavy than iron, and these would naturally form an accumulation immediately about the centre of the globe. Among them may be mentioned most importantly gold. Geologist Gilbert, of the Geological Survey, said the other day that he would rather expect to find a vast accumulation of gold at that point than anywhere else, his notion being that such of the yellow metal as is found on the surface of the earth is only an accidental detritus. However, there are two or three substances known even more weighty than gold, and one of them is platinum, which has doubled in market value within the last year or two, owing to the increased cost of production.

So it is not unreasonable that certain members of Congress and other persons of keen judgment should consider the advisability of boring a hole in the earth for the purpose of extracting some of its metallic contents. For scientific purposes a pit has recently been sunk at Speling, in Germany, to the depth of a mile. Unfortunately, water has been struck, and no results which add very materially to human knowledge have thus far been obtained. Another well has been driven at Wheeling, W. Va., as far down as three-quarters of a mile. It is dry and the boring process is proceeding at the rate of ten feet a day. The management will be disgusted if oil or something is not struck before the hole comes out at the antipodes, and somebody tumbles into it at the other end. All that has been learned from those works up to date is that the heat of the globe increases one degree every eighty feet in depth.

No really scientific person has been so foolish as to imagine that possible results, commercially speaking, could be secured without digging much further than this. Estimate is made that at twenty miles from the surface of the earth every known substance—metals, rocks and all—becomes fused and liquid. Once let this point be reached, and naturally whatever is below must spout up of its own accord, without expense of mining. Immediately the price of metals in the market would be reduced to little or nothing, and a new age would dawn upon civilization. It has been suggested that such an artificial conduit would be, to all intents and purposes, a volcano; but any dangers which it would otherwise threaten might be obviated easily by establishing the works on an open prairie. The cost of boring for twenty miles would certainly be very small, compared with the results to be anticipated, and Congress could easily afford the money necessary, which might appropriately be placed in the hands of the Department of the Interior.

Hard on the Baptists.

The most ludicrous debating society I ever attended, says Ernest Ingersoll in the Christian Union, was in a fore cabin of a little river steamer in Florida ten years ago, when a crowd of old time darkies were discussing which was the better (or worse), Methodists or Baptists. The conclusion was a compromise upon the basis that while the "Mefodis's would steal the most, the "Baptis's" were the readier liars.

This "grind" reminds me of a story told by the Rev. Dr. Sayres, who lived at Staunton, Va., of how he and some other clergymen were once fishing at Cape May in charge of a boatman who had no idea who his guests were. They had no luck in getting good fish, but caught great numbers of a small, mean kind.

"What do you call these?" asked Dr. Sayres, in disgust.

"We call 'em Baptists, sir," the Jerseyman replied.

"Baptists, eh? why?"

"Because they spile so soon after we get 'em out of the water!"

Wants Her False Teeth.

A woman of Ardmore, Kan., has sued her husband for the recovery of her false teeth. She bit him and he took them away from her.—Brandon Bucksaw.

USES OF WOOD PULP.

Sixty-Seven Cords of Poplar Required for One Newspaper Issue.

Wood pulp is now extensively used as a composition for mouldings and decorative purposes in private and public buildings. In the manipulation of this composition, beautiful effect can be obtained by mixing in it the various aniline colors—strong or tinted—or those known as metallic colors. Bronze powders, of varied colors, may also be used with pleasing results. By the use of this material all the better qualities of fine-grained wood are obtained without any of the drawbacks of shrinking or expanding on account of atmospheric conditions. The extent to which the wood pulp business has been developed in this country is not generally known. The inroads on our forests, which its growing consumption for railway ties, building and the requirements of the press involve are enormous. So serious has this matter become, it is stated, that unless each State passes a law for the encouragement of tree planting, so that our woods can be replenished, there will soon be a tree famine.

As giving an inkling of the magnitude of the general consumption of wood pulp, a correspondent states that for a single edition of a prominent daily paper seventeen tons of blank paper was required. This was the product of 67 cords of poplar. In 22 hours from the time of felling the trees it had been turned into printed papers. The process is thus divided with respect to a test case: Chopping one and one-half cords of wood, 3 hours; manufacturing into pulp, 12 hours; transporting to printing office, 1 hour and 20 minutes; wetting paper preparatory to printing, 30 minutes; printing 10,000 copies, 10 minutes. This shows the rapidity with which raw material may be turned into a finished article. When it is considered that the foregoing figures refer to only one paper in one city, and that almost every newspaper is printed from material consisting largely, and often almost wholly, of wood pulp, which is also used in the production of nearly all common and medium grades of paper for almost all uses, the magnitude of the consumption of wood in pulp making becomes apparent.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Getting a Seat by Strategy.

A nice young man got into a tram car a few evenings ago and saw to his delight the only vacant seat was by the side of a young lady acquaintance. He made for that seat with joyous strides, and her eyes answered his with delighted looks. But just as he got there an elderly party walked up and dropped into the coveted seat. The young man approached more slowly and accosted the young lady.

"How is your brother?" he asked; "is he able to get out?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered.

"Will he be very badly marked?" he continued, and the old gentleman grew suddenly interested.

"Oh, no!" she said, "with the exception of a few marks on his forehead."

"Were you not afraid of taking it?" the young man continued, while the old gentleman broke out in a cool perspiration.

"Not at all," she replied; "I have been vaccinated, you know."

The seat was vacated instantly, the two innocent young hearts beat as half a dozen, and the prattle of "nice talk" strewed that part of the car, while an old gentleman scowled upon them from the distant corner.—London Tit-Bits.

Heredity in Cats.

"Why does a cat walk around upon the hearth-rug for about five minutes before he takes his seat? I'm s e—as the English people say—I don't know. A neighbor of mine, however, was watching his cat going through the gyrating preliminaries the other evening, and he told me what he believed to be the truth of the matter. He says he got his facts from Darwin. I hope he does, but as the children in the Seventh Reader say: 'One can't most always tell!' It seems that the leopard, panther and tiger race, so that no amount of domestication has been able to eradicate inherited tendencies. The animals mentioned live in the woods—when they are not in zoological gardens—and they have no hired help to prepare beds for them. When ready to go to rest they have to find fallen leaves and tree branches, not well assorted. They tramp round and round on the spot where they propose to lie until it is reduced to the necessary condition to a couch. Our friend's cat was carrying on the tradition."—Chicago Journal.

No Electrocution in the Tree Tops.

Under the eaves of the Schroeder building there is a bird box which is inhabited by sparrows. This morning the birds cooly and deliberately hanged one of their number for some offense, suspending it by the neck until death ensued. The birds then tried to cut their dead companion down, and picked its neck in their efforts to do so until it was much mutilated. They failed to accomplish their object, however, and the body was removed by one of the spectators. The birds had a thread around the culprit's neck and he was executed in first-class style, hanging down several inches below the bird box. This is a true story. The custom is a common one with sparrows, as well as with some other species of birds. Coroner Maper did not deem it necessary to hold an inquest.—Lock Haven (Pa.) Democrat.

A Pleasant Fate.

Winter Visitor (in Florida)—I should love dearly to go sailing, but it looks dangerous. Do not people often get drowned in this bay?

Waterman—No, indeed, mum. The sharks never lets anybody drown.—N. Y. Weekly.

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Saturday Blade, - Chicago, Ill.

BOYS CAUSE TROUBLE.

MILVILLE, N. Y. September 18.—This has been an exciting day in this city, owing to the strike of the tending boys at the Glasstown and South Milville glass works. Over 600 boys employed by the firms refused to go to work because some fourteen boys from Russia settlements near by had been given employment. The firm, it is said, preferred American boys to Jews but could not obtain them. The strike caused a suspension on the part of tha blowers and other skilled workmen, as they cannot work without the help of the boys, and consequently hundreds are idle. The strikers held a meeting this afternoon hundreds of boys crowding the Metropolitan rink. Having struck because of the Jews they concluded that while they were out they might as well ask for an advance of wages, so a committee was appointed to go to the firm and demand ten per cent. increase all around, and all Jews employed at the work to be discharged. The firm received the commitee, but after a lengthy conference refused to grant either demand The boys are equally firm.

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THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.
FOR SALE BY—C. M. Parish.

HE IS LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

FT MONROE, Va., September 18.—Mr. Lipscomb, the attorney of Washington who addressed the meeting at Hampton last night and bitterly denounced the Hains jury, was followed to Old Point by Cooker Jones, one of the jurors, with three of his brothers and a few of his friends. Sheriff Curtis, who had got wind of it followed them closely and arrived just in time to prevent blood shed. A. Lipscomb and his wife entered the lobby of N. Y. Gera's hotel Jones followed and reached for his revolver, Lipscomb also drew his pistol, but before a shot could be fired the Sheriff came up and carried Jones away. Manager Pike sounded a general alarm for watchman and sent a message to Colonel Frank for a guard but when they arrived the parties had left. Lipscomb and his bride leave for New York to-night.

MARRIED.

LONG—UHL.—On September 15th, at the residence of the bride's parents on Howard street, by Rev. G. W. Emenhizer Mr. John Long and Miss Minnie R. Uhl, both of Bellefonte.

The annoyance occasioned by the continual crying of the baby, at once ceases when the cause is promptly removed by Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup.

One of the most popular household remedies is Old Saul's Catarrh Cure. Price only 25 cents.

GHOSTLY VISITANTS.

SOME STRANGE AND UNACCOUNTABLE OCCURRENCES.

Stories Which Tax the Credulity of Skeptics—Extraordinary Phenomena. Unseen Hands Perform Mysterious Tricks Both Day and Night.

One of the most remarkable modern instances of supposed ghostly disturbance occurred in the home of Rev. Dr. Phelps of Stratford, Conn. Upon returning from church one day he found that all the doors of his house, which he had carefully locked on his departure, were wide open and the contents of the rooms on the first floor in the wildest confusion. Nothing had been stolen. In a room on the upper story, however, eight forms were found, each one with an open Bible held close to its face. On examination these were found to be bundles of clothes, cunningly and very skillfully arranged to represent living beings. Everything was cleared away and the room locked, but within five minutes the same scene was repeated, although the clothing had been carefully put away.

For seven months the house was disturbed by extraordinary phenomena. The most unearthly noises were heard day and night. Furniture and kitchen utensils were mysteriously moved. Glassware and window panes were broken by unseen hands before the startled inmates, and once the eleven-year-old son of the doctor was lifted bodily and carried some distance. The most diligent research discovered nothing, and not until he applied to some spiritualists in Boston did the disturbance cease.

One of the best authenticated instances of ghostly visitation is connected with Dr. Kerner's so called Seeress of Provost. Dr. Kerner for many years conducted an asylum for the insane at Weinsburg, in Southern Germany. There came to him for treatment a Mrs. Hauffe, a lady in delicate health, of great nervous irritability and with a mind which was, to say the least, not too well balanced. Wherever this afflicted woman went, and Dr. Justinus Kerner is authority, she was pursued by a variety of strange noises. Chinaware and glassware, tables and chairs, were mysteriously moved in the presence of witnesses. A medicine phial rose slowly into the air and had to be brought back by one of the bystanders.

On several occasions an easy chair was lifted up to the ceiling by unseen power and then returned slowly to the floor. On one occasion the great skeptic, Dr. Strausz, was one of her visitors, and during his stay Mrs. Hauffe fell asleep on her sofa when there immediately arose long, fearful groanings close by the doctor's side and in the vicinity of his amiable but remarkable hostess. The strange suffering woman was the only one who knew the cause of these phenomena. She ascribed them all to a dark spirit who appeared to her as a black column of smoke with a hideous head, whose unseen approach oppressed even the bystanders.

Dr. Kerner relates countless mysterious phenomena which occurred in this patient's bedroom. He beheld Mrs. Hauffe's shoes pulled off by invisible hands while she was lying almost inanimate in a trance on her bed. She revealed secrets which, upon writing to utterly unknown persons at a great distance, Dr. Kerner proved to be correctly stated.

There lived in Allegheny city at the breaking out of the Rebellion a widow by the name of MacDowell. She had one son, John by name, who lived with his mother in a two story frame house on Robinson street. The widow and her son were devotedly attached to each other, and when he came home one night and told her that he had enlisted at one of the recuiting booths on Federal street she was inconsolable.

On the afternoon of April 6, 1862, Mrs. MacDowell sat in an easy chair at the second story window of her home. It was the first day she had felt strong enough enough to leave her bed. It was warm and the sun shining brightly. As she sat alone with her wan cheek resting against against the pillows she heard a heavy step on the narrow stairway. She described the succeeding events to the first neighbor woman who reached her side as follows: "The instant I heard the step I knew it was John. As he reached the head of the stairs I turned toward the door and tried to rise and meet him, but I was too faint, and besides there was something in his face that drove all the blood from my heart. He was dressed in his uniform and was carrying a big sword in his hand. He stopped in the middle of the room and I saw under his cap, which was pushed back, a broad bandage stained with blood around his forehead. Suddenly he waved his sword and I saw an awful look, such as I had never seen before, come into my boy's eyes; he waved his sword three times and looking backward over his shoulders as he did so. I saw the sword fall from his grasp, but it made no noise on the floor; he reached both hands to me and the fierce expression died out of his eyes as he cried out, 'Oh mother,' and then before I could say a word he was gone."

A week from that day the widow McDowell was buried in the Hilldale Cemetery. On the afternoon of April 6, the day when the apparition of her boy appeared to her in the sick room, he was killed while repulsing a Confederate charge at Pittsburg Landing. He was struck by a spent ball upon the forehead early in the day, but tying a handkerchief around his forehead he remained in the fight. All the officers in his company had been killed or wounded, and he was leading his company with a sword of a dead Confederate in his hand when he was hit and instantly killed by a second bullet. His last utterance as he fell was the pathetic cry: "Oh, mother!"—Philadelphia Press.

WHAT MAGYARS READ.

Volumes Found in a Hungarian Book Store in New York.

In a long, narrow ground floor room on Avenue C is the only considerable Hungarian book store in this town, says the New York Recorder. Here and in a small rear apartment are stored some thousands of imported books printed at Buda Pesth in the Hungarian and Slav languages and bound in paper, cloth and leather. Hungarian books of the cheaper sort are gorgeously gilded and tooled. One instinctively recognizes them as foreign even before he has noted the odd, unpronounceable titles. The paper-bound books are not quite so well made as the best cheap French books, but they somewhat suggest the familiar French novel. They are distinctly different in style from paper-bound books of American make.

There are in New York about 30,000 persons that have been Hungarian subjects. Of these, about 5,000 are Magyars, or true Huns; 10,000 are Slavs, and 15,000 are Hebrews. All of the Magyars, many of the Slavs and some of the Hebrews speak the Hungarian language. Most of the Magyars and Slavs are peasants of little education and strong religious feeling. Owing to the strong religious feeling of the Hungarians there is a great demand for prayer books and Bibles in the Hungarian and Slavonic tongues.

Next in demand to Bibles and prayer books are short stories of heroes and fairies. They are the favorite reading matter of the Hungarian peasantry, and immigrants bring this literary taste with them to the United States. The cheapest of these books cost but five cents. The adventures of Toldy Miklos, a famous Hungarian athlete, are told in one of these books. This story is told in verse. One of the more expensive paper-bound books tells the adventures of Rinaldo Rinaldini, the notorious robber chief. The life of Columbus and the life of Kossuth have a good sale. Few American books are translated into Hungarian, but there are a life of George Washington and a history of the United States in the Hungarian tongue. Both of these books sell well.

The Maygars are the chief customers for books proper to literature, and there is considerable demand for the works of the best known Hungarian novelists.

The most popular form of verse is found in songs, and song books have an excellent sale among the Hungarian residents of the town. There is a book of 1,001 songs and another of 600 songs. Novels translated from the French and a few from the English also have a good sale. The Hungarians are not great readers at home, but on coming to America they catch the popular habit and take to newspapers and books.

A Russian Hercules.

Famous athletes, possessing wonderful powers of endurance, are frequently to be met with among the Russian peasantry. In the Buzulook district, in the province of Satatoff, there lives a moujik (peasant) athlete named Osipoff, a single man. One day he met in the forest a rich peasant named Ignatieff, who was taking a load of wood for sale in a neighboring town, distant about ten versts. Osipoff began to make fun of the old man, who was noted for his miserly habits, saying to him: "Do you expect to get that load to town with such a miserable old horse harnessed to your cart? Why, I could easily carry the whole thing there myself." This enraged Ignatieff, who said: "I will give you horse, cart, and wood if you are able to do as you say, but if you fail you will have to pay me the value of all three." Osipoff instantly accepted the challenge, and harnessing himself instead of the horse to the cart, he started for the town, followed by a crowd of peasants, who were to act as witnesses. Much to the chagrin and surprise of Ignatieff, Osipoff won the bet with but little effort.—N. Y. Recorder.

Man With an Iron Skin.

There is at Bellevue Hospital a remarkable case of a man turning to a statue. His skin has gradually hardened until it is now like a covering of sheet-iron. He is as helpless as though he were a statue. He cannot move hand or foot, but his health is good and he may live for years.

The disease is a rare one, and has been diagnosed as scleroderma or hide-bound. There is no known cure for. The most that can be done for the patient is to rub him from head to foot every morning with goose grease.

The strangely afflicted patient is atrick Wood. He is forty-two years old, a painter by trade, For seven years he has lain on a cot. He weighs probably 200 pounds, and is as good natured as he is portly. He spends much of his time reading and chatting, and seems to enjoy life as well as any one. He says he experiences no pain. Wood first discovered his condition seven years ago.—Philadelphia Record.

A Biblical Test.

A singular experiment recently took place in Palestine to test the accuracy of Dr. Colenso's statement that the people of Israel assembled in the valley between Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim could not hear the curses and blessings delivered from the heights above them. A party was traveling in the neighborhood of these mountains, and two Scotchmen ascended Mount Ebal and two Welshmen Mount Gerizim, while the rest of the party remained in the valley. One of the Scotchmen read the curses, and from the opposite mountain a Welshman read the blessings. Both were easily heard below, where the party added the amens. Both readers were perched upon the natural platforms near the summits.—Educational Journal.

ADDTIONAL LOCALS.

—It is said that Larimer's livery is for sale.

—The leaves are turning red, brown and golden.

—Did you have your pockets picked at the picnic?

—Drunken men have no business in an opeahouse unless they keep quiet.

—Gov. Pattison failed to put in an appearance among the grangers on Thursday.

—Mr. John Dunlap, of this place has been appointed on the police force at Grange Park.

—Thursday was one of the hottest days there has been this summer, and to-day was not far behind.

—The Logan boys came home on Friday evening. Their steamer was brought up in the morning.

—The cornerstone of the new Methodist Episcopal church of Tyrone was laid on Thursday afternoon.

—John Uzzle, of Snow Shoe, lost his hand some Gregg Post, No 95, G. A. R. badge in Lock Haven on Thursday.

—The next entertainment in the opera house will be "Little's World," with Vree land's minstrels on October 2nd.

—The Neptune Steam Fire Company, No, 1 of Tyrone; won the first prize of $100 at the steamer contest in Lock Haven on Friday afternoon.

—The next big treat for Bellefonte will be the business men's jubilee on the evening of October fiirst. Let everybody prepa re to attend it.

—Mr. Emil Joseph has rented the Reynold's manison, corner High and Spring streets, and with his wife will shortly occupy the same.

—Typhoid fever has almost become epidemic down at Zion, there being eight or ten cases of it there. Only one death has occnrred thus far.

—George N. Brandon went to Huntingdon on Wednesday to play in the opera house on that night for the production of the "Mountain King"

—Now that Centre county has had its picnic and Clinton its firemen's convention it is to be presumed that some attention will be given to politics.

—Cards are out announcing the marriage on Tuesday evening, September 22, of Mr. Harry E. Jenkins and Miss Jennie Lukenbach. Congratulations.

—Mr. S. D. Ray has been home sick for the last couple days. So if any person has been hunting him at his office to pay taxes they will know when they read this item why he was not to be found.

—The park between the court house and jail is in excellent condition for a play ground for children and there are quite a number of the little folks who take advantage of it and play under the arc light these beautiful evenings.

—John L. Travis, of Tyrone, but who formerly resided in this county, died at his home in the former place on Thursday morning. He was aged 68 years, 11 months and 14 days. The fimeral will occur at Graysville to-morrow.

—A number of arrests were in Bellefonte this week of persons who did not live in Bellefonte or near it but who became full somewhat abstreperous and then tried to run the town. The result was they generally got run into the lockup.

—Judging from all appearance and the number of empty cars standing on the sidings at this place we think the railroad company was rather disappointed in the size of the crowd they are couveying to and from the granger's picnic.

—The Lock Haven *Democrat* says: "The Logan Hose, of Bellefonte, claim to have the finest steamer here, a Silsby, drawn by two splendid iron gray horses, which weigh 1400 pounds each. The horses are in elegand condition and are arrayed in fine harness.

—Now that the granger's picnic and firemen's convention is over there is a probability that trains will run on time, business will receive more careful and prompt attention than it has the last few days and it is to be hoped that everybody will be brighter and happier.

—"Little's World" will be the next entertainment in Garman's opera house and it will be here next week, Thursday evening. It is almost needless to say anything about this company as everybody surely remembers how well Mr. Little and his company pleased last year. And, if any thing, the company is stronger this year than last.

—A very fair audience greeted the "Mountain King" company in the opera house on Thursday evening. The play is a good one and it was rendered in a style above criticism. Mr. Wallick, in his role of the tramp and finally the "Mountain King" is all that any body could desire. We would like to see Mr. Wallick return to Bellefonte in the future.

—The fireboys went to Lock Haven Wednesday evening on the late train. The Logan Steam fire company was accompanied by the Zion band. We firmly believe when the boys get everything in shape and come out in the parade to-day they will make as handsome an appearance as any company in the line. This morning there was a large crowd of Bellefonters went down to the city by the river to see the sights and witness the grand parade which is to-day.

AT THE PICNIC.

ST JOHN TALKS TO THE FARMERS ON WEDNESDAY

Wednesday was the first "big" day at the granger's picnic. The attendance was large and everybody seemed happy and in good spirits. Hon Mortimer Whitehead spoke in the morning and Mr Ailman and ex Governor St John in the afternoon. The address delivered by the latter was the most talked of address thus far made. The prohibition advocate, so long as he talked on prohibition, seemed to have the people with him but when he wandered into the political arena and endeavored to preach new fangled politics to the sturdy granger and old fashioned farmer it was evident he didn't have the people with him. His arguments were entirely too radical for the straight out republican or democrat. However, on the whole, his speech was greatly appreciated.

Aside from the speechmaking there was very fittle of importance transpired. Some of the fakirs and disreputable characters chased off the ground. Additional police force was appointed and good order is being maintained.

Thursday was "Pattison Day" at the granger's picnic, but his day in name only, as the chief executive of the Commonwealth failed to show up and the thousands who had assembled to see him went home a sadly disappointed crowd.

Interesting addresses were made by Mr. James McSparren, of Lancaster county, and Dr. George W. Atherton, of Pennsylvania State College, in the morning, and instead of Pattison in the afternoon Hon. Mortimer Whitehead talked and Dr. James Calder spoke in the evening. A Musical concert was given by Miss Brewer assisted by the DeMoss Family.

One important feature of the day was the Journalists' banquet at 1.30 o'clock. The spread was laid by Mr. B. C. Achenbach, of this place, and was all a fastidious appetite could desire. The picnic will close to-day (Friday) with the meeting of the Centre County Veterans' Association.

NATIONAL GUARD RIFLE MATCHES

The special regimental and brigade matches of the National Guard at Mount Gretna this year were not the success anticipated, owing to the fact that the scores were lower than those of a year ago The results of the four practice matches gives the Sixteenth Regiment first place and $100; the Ninth, second, $65; Thirteenth, third, $60; Fifth, fourth, $50; First, fifth, $40; Fifteenth, sixth, $25. The Third Brigade team, for the fifth consecutive year, won the brigade tropy, The regimental trophy, a sterling sliver pitchsr was awarded to the Thirteenth regiment which won it the ithird successive time, and it now becomes their properthy. The $350 offered by Robert Coleman were distributed as follows: Sixteenth regiment, $100; Ninth $75; Thirteenth $90 Fifth, $50; First, $40 and Fifteenth, $25.

A Lineman's Terrible Death.

CLEVELAND, O., September 16.—John McCafferty, a lineman for the Western Union telegraph company, met with a terrible death in front of the court house, and in the presence of 100 spectators, yesterday, McCafferty was talking to some friends, and then began to climb a telegraph pole to adjust a wire. He had reached a point beyond the first cross bar, when, with a shriek, he fell backward. His spurs caught in the iron steps of the pole and he hung downward. A telephone wire had fallen across an electric light wire and McCafferty received the terrible voltage in the body. His face and arms turned black and he hung fully three minutes before a ladder could be secured and the unfortunate man brought to the ground. He died on the way to the hospital.

THE MILTON FAIR.

The seventh annual fair of the Milton Driving Park Association will be held at Milton, Sept. 29th and 30th and October 1st and 2nd. The previous meetings of this association have been conducted in a most satisfactory manner and the public confidence. The premiums for stock and the purses for speed have been increased. Two thousand dollars will be paid in purses for trotting, running and pacing races and the society is assured of many of the best horses in the circuit. Among other attractions Prof. H. R. Ward, the renowned aeronaut, will make several balloon ascensions and parachute descents. Excursion tickets will be issued by all the railroad companies. Milton is provided with ample hotel accommodations.

The McKinley Picnic.

The McKinley picnic is a most unique gathering, and FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER this week tells of the strange incidents connected with it. Every one in Ohio and from Ohio should buy this number, while those who have never taken part in an Ohio campaign should buy a copy just to see what it looks like. The interest in Professor Totten's Millennium articles remains unabated, and the publishers now announce his seven articles for 40 cents. Arkell & Harrison have also become the agents for the professor's famous books on the Millennium.

GERMAN BAPTISTS IN CONVENTION.

Williamsport, Sept. 16—The Eastern Conference of the German Baptist churches are holding a jubilee convention in the First German Baptist church, this city. The conference is composed of German Baptist churches of the Eastern States, representatives also being present from western and southern conference, to join in celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the German Baptists in this country There is a large attendance, and Rev. J. E. Grimmell, of Brooklyn, is the moderator. The conference will continue the present week.

THAT BABY!

When the baby cries every one wants to know what's the matter; and if the outcry is frequent, the chances are that there is something wrong about the food. It requires unusual facilities to be able to keep posted on all the latest ideas about feeding young children, therefore the article "How and What to Feed the Baby," published in the October number of that progressive monthly *Demorest's Family Magazine*, is especially valuable to all who have anything to do with babies. It will tell you everything you need to know about baby's food from the time it is born till it can eat the regular meals of the family,—what food to give, how to prepare each kind, how much and how often the child should be fed, when and how often the diet should be changed, with bills of fare for different ages, etc.,—and all so clearly that one cannot misunderstand the directions. Ella Wheeler Wilcox's Story. "Was It Suicide?" should be read by every woman, and all will enjoy the "Confession of a Materializing Medium;" "In the Woman's Ward of an Insane Asylum" tells a pathetic story of its own; "Fireside Nooks and Corners" gives valuable suggestions about inexpensive but artistic house decoration; all the numerous departments are replete with valuable matter; there are nearly 200 fine illustrations; and altogether it is a remarkably fine number of this comprehensive magazine, which is published for $2 a year by W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., New York City.

CRANBURRY MARSHES ON FIRE.

TOMAH, Wis., September 18.—A most disastrous fire is raging in the cranberry marshes between Valley junction and Norway ridge. The fire fanned by a brisk gale from the south it spread and was soon beyond control. All the buildings on Taylor's marsh, filled with harvested berries, were quickly reduced to ashes, the fire continued in a southeasterly direction and sweeping everything in their path. Berry-pickers ran, leaving their tents and accoutrements to the flames. The railroad track was crossed and the fire swept onward

Between twenty-five and thirty square miles of marsh have been consumed and the fire shows no signs of abating. What the loss will be it is impossible to estimate thousands of dollars worth of property has already been burned. Men from miles about are on the ground fighting the fire, but rain, of which at present there are no indications, is the only salvation. Thousands of acres are still before the fire, and unless some unforeseen event occurs they will furnish food for the flames.

HARMONY WILL NOT RULE.

NEW YORK, Sept. 18.—The National League magnates were in session all afternoon and gave further consideration and discussion to the report of the conference committee appointed by the league to negotiate with the American association and which the latter refused to deal with after Kelley jumped from the Cincinnati club. When the meeting adjourned it was stated that the conference committee had been discharged from futher duty and the chairman of the league committee was instructed to so notify the association. This is generally considered to be the end of the present efforts at harmony between the two associations.

Resolutions were adoped to the effect that the league would be glad to welcome the return of the American association as a party to the national agreement, and that they should become a party to the national agreement that all pruposed amendments be considered and acted upon by all the parties to said agreement.

A FOOL WITH A GUN.

Willimantic; Conn. September 18.—A fatal accident occured here yesterday at the practice shoot of company G, of Putnam, and company E, of Willmantic, Third regiment, C. N. G. John Peterson, of company G, picked up a rifle and pointed it at different members of both companies. He was told to put it down but refused, saying it was not loaded.

He then pointed it at Richard Babbington, aged 25, a private in his company, and pulled the trigger A report followed, and the next instant Babbington and William Malone, of company E fell to the ground. Babbington was instantly killed, while Malone was fatally wounded The bullet; a 49-calibre, had passed through Babbington heart and out at his back, and struck Malone, who stood ten paces in the rear of him. Malone was shot through and through the bullet being found in a board fence thirty paces to the rear Peterson was immediately arrested. He says he did not know the gun was loadod.

The October number of GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK is a delightful one. The fashion plates and the letter press descriptive of them will, of course, be highly appreciated by the ladies, but let not the impression go out that this is all the number contains. The literary department is full of good things—fiction, poetry, houshold; letters from abroad—all of a high order and fitted to all tastes. With age GODEY improves steadily, and it stands among the best periodicals of the day.

THE COMING FAIR AT BROOK PARK, LEWISBURG.

The Union County Agricultural Society is one of the oldest organizations of the kind within the confines of the State. The experience it has had, therefore, is of considerable moment, and fully justifies the officers thereof in saying that their exhibition this year—the 38th—promises to eclipse anything of the kind heretofore held. It will take place at Lewisburg, Pa. October 7, 8 and 9, 1891. The premiums offered are very liberal, covering all industries—the farm, the workshop, the fireside and the fleet-footed roadster. The race-course or track is in first-class condition, while the trials of speed promise to be most exciting. The spacious grounds and buildings are also in excellent order. The people of beautiful Buffalo Valley extend hearty greeting to all visitrs at their coming Fair. Make note of the date—Oct. 7, 8 and 9, 1981.

—A meeting of the new chronic insane asylum commission was held at Bedford on Saturday but nothing new was developed.

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PEOPLES HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS
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CONTAINS NO POISON
—FOR—
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Excels any remedy for the rapid cure of Hard Colds, Coughs, Hide Bound, Yellow Water, Fever, Distemper, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fever, Costiveness, Blotches, and all difficulties arising from impurities of the Blood. Will relieve Heaves at once. *Manufactured by the*
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I have over 70,000 letters on file from people who have been cured of one or more of the complaints above named. Write to-day stating your disease and receive a free bottle by return mail, or ask your druggist for it and get well. Address,
PROF. HART, 88 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.
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To cure costiveness the medicine must be more than a purgative. To be permanent, it must contain
Tonic, Alterative and Cathartic Properties.
Tutt's Pills possess these qualities in an eminent degree, and
Speedily Restore
to the bowels their natual peristaltic motion, so essential to regularity.
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Regular registered Physician and Surgeon, Graduate of the best Colleges. The acknowledged most successful specialist for speedy, safely and permanently curing
SPECIAL DISEASES,
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For References see Wed. and Sat. Philadelphia Times.

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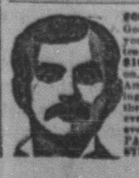
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This Great German Medicine is the cheapest and best. 128 doses of SULPHUR BITTERS for $1.00, less than one cent a dose. It will cure the worst cases of skin disease, from a common pimple on the face to that awful disease Scrofula. SULPHUR BITTERS is the best medicine to use in all cases of such stubborn and deep seated diseases. Do not ever take
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or mercury, they are deadly. Place your trust in SULPHUR BITTERS. If your Tongue Coated with a yellow sticky substance? Is your breath foul and offensive? Your stomach is out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS Is your Liver Torpid? Is your Urine thick, cloudy, ropy, clots? Is your Kidneys are out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. If you are sick, no matter what ails you, use Sulphur Bitters!
Don't wait until you are unable to walk, or are flat on your back, but get some at once, it will cure you. Sulphur Bitters Is The Invalid's Friend.
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The only true practical
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is one that promotes digestion, improves the appetite, cleanses the liver, purifies the blood, and stimulates brain and nerves without *injurious reaction*, and one that may be taken alike by adult or infant. Profane compounds, made of vile rum or bad whiskey, sweetened and flavored, under the titles of bitters, tonics, &c, produce effects far worse than the disease for which they are taken
Vinegar Bitters is a pure tonic, a nervine without being narcotic, a purifier without poison, a liver tonic without purging, and above all, a life-giving stimulus without alcohol. The only medicine with such powers in the world.
A GENUINE TEMPERANCE BEVERAGE,
far surpassing alcohol in any shape as a tonic it might be called
LIQUID LIFE,
since it stimulates, invigorates and regulates digestion, nutrition, secretion, excretion, respiration, and all the functions whereby life is maintained—we literally take in *vitality in spoonfuls.*
It is too much to assert that *the equal of Vinegar Bitters does not exist,* as no counterpart or compound with similar virtues has ever been known
CALIFORNIA,
if remarkable for nothing else, would be immortalized by the production of the medicinal fruits roots and herbs of which this Bitters is composed. Many of them used by the Indians and the medical profession in the treatment of chills and fevers rheumatism, catarrh, consumption, neuralgia headaches, liver complaint, kidney disease, rheumatism, gout, piles, boils, skin diseases, &c., &c., too numerous to mention, but easily understood when the action of the Bitters on the vital functions is remembered. The discovery was purely accidental but the present
PERFECT BITTERS IS THE RESULT OF SCIENCE.
Millions of sufferers have gratefully and gladly endorsed, during the past quarter of a century the wonderful success of this
PHENOMENAL TONIC OF THE WORLD
In order to meet every probable demand, two formulas of the same ingredients are now put up.
THE OLD STYLE IS STRONGER, SLIGHTLY BITTER, AND MORE CATHARTIC.
THE NEW STYLE, PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, AND EXPRESSLY ADAPTED TO DELICATE WOMEN AND CHILDREN.
REMEMBER,
There is *no disease* of low vitality, debility of functions, or nervous prostration for which
VINEGAR BITTERS IS NOT CURATIVE,
and its singular power over the lower organisms renders it the irreplacable foe of
THE DEADLY MICROBE AND OMNIPRESENT BACTERIA
in malarial diseases, cholera, consumption, internal diseases, &c., and so great is its power as a germicide that it is an
UNEQUALLED VERMIFUGE.
A book could be written of its virtues, and another of testimonials, but it is only necessary to remember its general action upon the liver, blood, brain and nerves, to realize its use in *a majority of the ills that flesh is heir to, and that no family should ever be without a bottle of*
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RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Dec. 14, 1890.

STATIONS	Dis	A.M	A.M	P.M
			WESTWARD	
LOCK HAVEN		8 40	9 15	4 20
Flemington—f	1.8	8 45	9 19	4 23
Mill Hall	3.0	8 46	9 22	4 26
Beech Creek	8.3	8 56	9 34	4 38
Eagleville—f	9.9	9 00	37	4 40
Howard	14.5	9 07	9 45	4 49
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	9 14	9 56	4 55
Curtin	19.9	9 18	10 01	5 02
Milesburg	22.5	9 25	10 12	5 10
BELLEFONTE	23.2	9 30	10 25	5 20
Milesburg	23.5	9 40	10 30	30
Snow Shoe Int	24.8	9 46	10 46	5 52
Unionville	28.5	9 55	10 48	6 01
Julian	32.2	10 05	10 59	6 10
Martha	37.6	10 16	11 09	6 19
Port Matilda	40.4	10 21	11 17	6 26
Hannah—f	43.7	10 25	11 25	6 32
Fowler—f	45.6	10 30	11 29	6 35
Dix—f	46.8	10 33	11 32	6 38
Bald Eagle	49.2	10 40	11 38	6 44
Vail	51.2	10 44	11 43	6 49
East Tyrone	53.0	10 48	11 48	6 53
TYRONE	54.2	10 55	11 55	7 00
			EASTWARD	
STATIONS	Dis	A.M	P. M.	P. M.
TYRONE		8 10	2 10	7 15
East Tyrone	1.3	8 17	2 17	7 22
Vail	3.1	8 20	2 20	7 28
Bald Eagle	5.0	8 25	2 24	7 33
Dix—f	6.5	8 30	2 30	7 39
Fowler—f	9.3	8 37	2 37	7 46
Hannah—f	10.6	8 41	2 41	7 50
Port Matilda	13.9	8 48	2 48	7 57
Martha	17.3	8 51	2 52	8 00
Julian	21.4	8 59	4 01	8 15
Unionville	25.8	9 10	4 10	8 25
Snow Shoe Int	29.5	9 18	4 18	8 35
Milesburg	30.8	9 22	4 20	8 39
BELLEFONTE	33.5	9 32	4 30	8 49
Milesburg	30.8	9 47	4 40	9 01
Curtin	34.4	10 01	4 47	9
Mt Eagle—f	36.6	10 06	4 55	9
Howard	39.8	10 16	5 02	
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 28	5 10	
Beech Creek	45.9	10 35	5 16	9 46
Mill Hall	51.3	10 49	5 28	10 01
Flemington	52.5	10 54	5 27	11 05
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	11 00	5 30	1 10

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 14th, 1890.

Westward Dis.				Stations	Dis.	Eastward	
P.M	A.M					A.M	P.M
5 05	9 31			SCOTIA	25.6	9 21	4 43
5 25	10 21	5.2		Fairbrook	20.3	9 09	4 27
5 37	10 28	8.7		Penns Furnace	16.9	8 56	4 15
5 44	10 34	10.6		Rostler f	15.0	8 50	4 08
5 50	10 40	12.3		Marengo f	13.0	8 45	4 01
5 57	10 82	13.5		Loreville f	12.1	8 37	3 52
6 04	10 52	15.2		Furnace Road f	10.4	8 31	3 46
6 08	11 02	15.8		Dungarvin f	9.8	8 27	3 46
6 18	11 10	18.2		Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19	3 [illegible]
6 28	11 20	20.5		Pennington	5.1	8 10	2 36
6 40	11 32	23.5		Stover	2.1	7 58	2 1
6 50	11 40	25.6		TYRONE		7 50	2 1

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Nov. 24 1890.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a.m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 10.30 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.15 a m.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 2.00 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.00 p m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 5.25 p m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.50 p m.
S S BLAIR, General Supt.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Nov. 24th, 1890

Dis.	Westward				Eastward		
	a.m.	p.m.			a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
.0	5.50	2.15		MONTANDON	5.30	9.20	5.05
1.5	6.15	2.25	Ar.	LEWISBURG.	Lv 5.20	9.10	5.25
1.5	6.15	2.25	Lv.	LEWISBURG.	Ar	9.10	5.25
5.4	6.30	2.35		Biehl f		9.00	5.24
6.8	6.35	2.40		Vicksburg f		8.52	5.29
10.7	6.45	2.50		MIFFLINBURG		8.42	5.10
13.1	6.52	2.57		Barber f		8.36	5.0
15.2	6.58	3.03		Swengle f		8.30	4.5
16.1	7.00	3.05		Millmont		8.27	4.5
18.6	7.08	3.14		LAURELTON		8.17	4.46
22.5	7.19	3.25		Parsee f		8.06	4.35
28.9	7.28	3.38		Cherry Run f		7.53	4.22
32.3	7.43	3.48		Paddy Mt. Tunnel f		7.43	4.12
33.9	7.48	3.54		Ingleby f		7.39	4.07
35.6	7.55	4.00		Coburn		7.30	4.00
39.6	8.01	4.08		Zerby f		7.21	3.52
43.4	8.10	4.17		Rising Springs		7.12	3.43
45.2	8.18	4.25		Penn's Cave f		7.06	3.38
49.2	8.24	4.30		CENTRE HALL		6.59	3.58
51.6	8.32	4.37		Gregg f		6.51	3.52
54.6	8.37	4.43		Linden Hall		6.43	3.36
56.7	8.42	4.48		OAK HALL		6.38	3.31
58.3	8.46	4.52		LEMONT		6.34	
60.2	8.51	4.57		Dale Summit f		6.29	
62.9	9.00	5.06		Pleasant Gap f		6.19	
65.2	9.04	5.10		Axeman f		6.14	
67.4	9.10	5.15		BELLEFONTE		6.10	2.45

CHAS E. PUGH ..... General Manager
ROBERT NEILSON ..... General Superintendent
E. B. WESTFALL ..... Superintendent

BELLEFONTE AND BUFFALO RUN RAILROAD.—On and after Wednesday, August 7, 1889, Trains on the Bellefonte and Buffalo Run Railroad will run as follows, leaving the PENN'A RAIL-ROAD STATION.

EASTWARD.					WESTWARD	
No.6	No.2	Dis.	STATIONS	Dis.	No.1	No.3
P.M	A.M				A.M	P.M
6 20	9 10	18.	Ar. BELLEFONTE Lv	0.	6 00	3 00
6 13	9 03	17.	Scales	1.	6 07	3 09
6 08	8 59	16.	Morris	2.	6 11	3 13
6 03	8 54	15.	Whitmer	4.	6 15	3 17
5 59	8 51		Linn		6 18	3 23
5 57	8 48	12.5	Hunters	5.5	6 22	3 26
5 53	8 44	11.2	Filmore	6.8	9 25	3 30
5 47	8 40	9.5	Briarly	8.5	6 32	3 36
5 43	8 36	8.	Waddles	10.	6 38	3 43
	8 33		Matterns			3 45
	8 25		Stormstown			3 53
	8 19		Bald Eagle			3 59
5 39	8 09	6.9	Scotia Crossing	11.1	6 45	4 09
5 24	7 53	2.	Krumrine	18.	7 00	4
5 20	7 50	0.	LvSTATE COLLEGE Ar	18.	7 04	5

Trains will stop at stations marked "F" when signal is given or notice to Conductor.
Train 2 connects with Trains east and west E V R R and S S Branch.
Train 6 connects with Trains east on B E R and the S S Branch.
THOS. A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD,—(Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 24th 1890.

		WESTWARD		
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia	daily	11 25 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	"	3 30 a m
"	"	Williamsport	"	7 10 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	"	7 32 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	"	7 47 a m
"	"	Renovo	"	8 50 a m
"	arrives	Erie	"	3 40 p m
NIAGRA EXP.	leaves	Phil'a week days		8 50 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	"	12 15 p m
"	arrives at	Williamsport	"	5 05 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	"	6 10 p m
"	"	Renovo	"	6 15 p m
"	"	Kane	"	9 15 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at				5 20 p m
FAST LINE	leaves	Philada. week days		11 40 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	"	3 45 p m
"	"	Williamsport	"	7 10 p m
"	arrives at	Lock Haven	"	07 p m
"	"	Renovo	"	00 p m
NEWS EXP.	leaves	Philadelphia		0 a m
"	"	Harrisburg		20 a m
"	"	Williamsport		11 20 a m
"	arrives at	Lock Haven		12 10 p m
WMSPORT EXP.	leaves	Philadelphia		4 55 a m
"	"	Harrisburg		7 0 p m
"	arrive	Williamsport		11 [illegible] p m
		EASTWARD		
Sea Shore EXP.	leaves	L. Haven	"	7 6 m
"	"	Jersey Shore		8 [illegible]
"	"	Williamsport		11 [illegible] a m
"	arrive at	Harrisburg		2 [illegible] p m
"	"	Philadelphia		7 [illegible] p m
DAY EXP.	leaves	Kane week days		7 15 a m
"	"	Renovo		10 55 a m
"	"	Lock Haven		11 40 a m
"	"	Williamsport		12 50 p m
"	arrive	Harrisburg		4 00 p m
"	"	Philadelphia		7 50 p m
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Erie daily		9 25 p m
"	"	Renovo		10 35 p m
"	"	Lock Haven		11 20 p m
"	"	Williamsport		12 55 a m
"	arrive at	Harrisburg		3 [illegible] a m
"	"	Philadelphia		7 50 a m
RENOVO ACCM	leaves	Renovo w d		4 30 p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg		9 45 p m
"	"	Philadelphia		4 25 a m
WMSPORT EXP.	leaves	Williamsport		7 45 a m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg		5 30 a m
"	"	"		7 00 a m
"	arrives at	Philadelphia		0 20 m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with R. E. V. R. R. trains.
Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at corry with B. P. & W. N. Y.; at Emporium with S. N. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.
ROBERT NEILSON, Supt. Gen. Pass. Agt.

Bellefonte Republican,

To Correspondents.—No communications published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.
Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

CHAS. L. GATES, - - Loeser
Editor and Business Manager.

Local Department.

—The fly is disappearing.

—Heavy fog this morning.

—The Plum season is about over.

—The U. B. conference has adjourned.

—Little's World on Thursday evening.

—Spring chickens are now at their very best.

—Only a week yet until the business men's carnival.

—It is said that the glass works are to start next week.

—See the very funny Irishman in the play to-morrow evening.

—There is now some prospects of Bellefonte Furnace being blown in this fall yet.

—The new Academy bell peals forth its merry call at morn and noon in ringing, cheery tones. Have you heard it.

—Buy your tickets for Thursday evening's entertainment. Little's World is one of the best dramas on the road.

—Monday was a very warm day and Monday evening the atmosphere seemed more oppressive than it has any time this summer.

—Again it is rumored that a move is on foot to build a railroad from Bellefonte to Beech Creek to intersect with the latter at that place.

—Buckwheat is not so scarce as it at one time seemed, and there is good prospects of lots of cakes for the coming winter season.

—The sinking ship scene in Little's World next Thursday evening will be worth the entire price of admission. Don't fail to see it.

—Have you purchased your tickets for Little's World to-morrow evening. The same play opens the Philipsburg opera house this evening.

—Mr. John Uzzle's handsome gold G. A. R. badge which he lost in Lock Haven on Friday last was found and restored to the owner on Saturday.

—Last week was a good one for the professional pickpocket and it is understood that he took advantage of the opportunity both in Lock Haven and at the Granger's picnic.

—About all the picnics, conventions and big times generally for this year are over and now people can settle down to business and the farmer to completing his seeding and cutting his corn.

—Coalport, Clearfield county, had a tragedy on Saturday in which Solomon Ginter was shot and killed by Joseph Rhody, proprietor of the Mansard House. Rhody is under arrest.

—The drawing of the United States grand jury for the western district of Pennsylvania took place at Pittsburg last Saturday and on the list appears the name of E. W. Hall, farmer Bellefonte.

—Every boy in Bellefonte has seemed possessed of a little tin whistle the past few-days. And it seemed that every boy continually blew his whistle and when tired gave it to some other boy to blow.

—That much talked of stand pipe was this morning conveyed from Maitland's boiler shops to the big reservoir on Reservoir hill, and now it is to be supposed Bellefonte will soon be flooded with water.

—We hear that Laird & Lee, the Chicago publishers, offer a cash prize of one thousand dollars for the best manuscript novel by an American author sent to them for examination between now and March 31st next.

—One of the loveliest, largest and most perfect peaches the writer ever saw was given him on Saturday by Mr. G. W. Rees, assistant postmaster. It was a genuine California Yellow and weighed about one-half a pound.

—It is rumored that the families of General Hastings and Col. J. L. Spangler will spend the coming winter season at Hastings in Cambria county, It is to be hoped the rumor is without foundation as the two families would be much missed in Bellefonte.

—Rev. William F. Benton, of the Central New York Diocese of the St. John's church, and whose residence was at Cuba, N. Y., has been called to fill the Bellefonte parish of the Episcopal church and will arrive in Bellefonte on Saturday, ready to assume the duties and hold services on Sunday.

—The appointments of the U. B. church for Centre county are as follows; Bellefonte, G. W. Eminhizer; Millheim, to be supplied; Port Matilda, George Noden; Stormstown, J. F. Tallhelm; Philipsburg, W. Cramer. The presiding elder for this district is Rev. T. P. Orner, of Altoona.

—After everybody has tired of guessing the name of the next Secretary of War the President will take up the question and decide upon the man, and there is not the slighest reason to believe that he will make a mistake or that he will find it necessary to ask the assistance of the opposition press in making the selection.

JENKINS—LUKENBACH.

A BRILLIANT WEDDING IN BELLEFONTE TUESDAY EVENING.

On Tuesday evening the home of Mr. A. Lukenbach, on Willow Bank street, was the scene of as pretty a wedding as there has been in Bellefonte for many a day. The contracting parties were Mr. Harry E. Jenkins, son of Mr. W. R. Jenkins, the foundryman, and Miss Jennie S. Lukenbach, oldest daughter of Mr. A. Lukenbach About sixty guests were present, comprising only the relatives and most intimate friends of the contracting parties, and the members of the Young Ladies Social Club, of which Miss Jennie was President. The house was brilliantly illuminated and most handsomely decorated for the occasion.

At the appointed hour, 7.30 o'clock, Mr. Frank T. Lukenbach, a brother of the bride, struck up the sweet strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march and the bridal couple marched into the parlor followed by the best man and bridesmaid in the person of Mr John E. Fryeberger, of Philipsburg, and Miss Mary Whitaker, of Curwensville. The party halted beneath a large floral decoration where the Minister Rev. Miles O. Noll, of the Reformed church was waiting to receive them. The beautiful impressive ceremony, the ring being used, was then gone through with which united the two young people for life. After the words had been spoken the happy couple were perfectly overwhelmed with the most heartfelt congratulations. Then came the refreshments, which were served by that popular caterer, Mr. E. C. Achenbach, and on this occasion it might be said he even outdid himself in the excellence of the repast furnished. Misses Kate Bullock and Emma Montgomery and Messrs. Will Garman and Frank Lukenbach officiated as waiters during the enjoyment of the wedding supper.

The bride was attired in a traveling suit of some dark blue material and wore a corsage boquet. Always pretty, on this occasion she looked extremely lovely and charming. The groom was attired in the customary black and looked very manly and dignified. It might just here be added that Mrs C. M. Bower belongs the credit for the floral decorations.

The presents were both numerous and beautiful as well as valuable and useful. The happy couple departed on the 8.45 train for the east. They will be away about ten days and during their absence will visit New York, Philadelphia and other eastern cities. On their return they will take up their residence in the handsome house on Allegheny street, which is the property of the groom. The contracting parties are both too well known to need any eulogy from us, hence we close with tendering the heartiest congratulations and best wishes for their future welfare.

A Booming Town.

WHERE THERE'S LOTS OF WORK AND ABUNDANCE TO EAT.

Of all the outside lying towns throughout Centre county just now it appears as if Port Matilda was far in the lead for genuine liveliness, plenty to do and plenty to eat. In other words, it is enjoying better times than it has for years past.

The latest and newest enterprise that has been launched in that locality is the mining of iron ore on the side of Muncy mountain. About one hundred tons per week are mined and shipped to Bellefonte where it is used by the Valentine Iron company in their furnace. The ore is of an excellent quality and the vein promises a large yield. Mr. A. S. Price has the contract for hauling the ore from the mine to the railroad and he keeps four teams busy every day. This industry, of itself is quite a help to the citizens of that locality as it is the means of bringing several hundred dollars weekly to Port Matilda.

And this, in addition to the money received from the Pennsylvania railroad company, as many persons of that town are employed on the railroad; the money received from Uncle Sam by the pensioners, makes the "root of all evil" very plentiful and times equally as good. Then taking into consideration the bountiful crop of all fruits and grain and it is easy to be seen that the town up the Bald Eagle is in a very flourishing condition.

And by the way, it is also said that small game is going to be extremely plentiful up there, too. Squirrels are coming in rapidly and pheasants, rabbits and turkeys abound in unlimited numbers,

GREAT GUNS.

The great interest which is felt in seacoast defense gives a peculiar timeliness to the illustrations of great guns at Sandy Hook contained in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper for September 28th. Another timely and interesting page-picture depicts the detention of emigrant Russian Jews at the New York Barge Office. The timber industry of the St. Lawrence River is illustrated copiously, accompanied by an entertaining descriptive article. There are handsome portraits of the rival candidates for Governor of New York; a number of pictures illustrative of recent foreign events; and Mr. A. B. Schanz's narrative of his experiences in Alaska is commenced accompanied by a page illustration. Get it of your newsdealer. Price ten cents.

—On Monday night when the petition of the Centre county commissioners for the privilege to lay a drain pipe down High street was brought before council for consideration, the street committee reported that nothing had been done in the matter for the reason that the commissioners had not been to see anything further in regard to it. Wonder if the contemplated good move has thus soon fallen through or whether it is just pending in in order to find out which party shall be the first to make the move.

CHARLES RODGERS INJURED.

HE LAY FOR FOUR HOURS UNDER HIS ENGINE.

Everybody in Bellefonte remembers Charles Rodgers, son of Mr. George Rodgers, and a graduate of the Bellefonte High School of the class of '—. Charlie went to Altoona and there procured a situation as fireman on the Western division of the Pennsylvania railroad. On Sunday his train was wrecked at Greensburg and Charlie was severely injured. From the Pittsburg papers we glean the following particulars:

"A. C. Wadsworth, of Pittsburg, engineer of the east bound train, states that he did not see the wreck until it was too late. The awful situation dazed him and the first thing he knew he was lying in the field below, around him lying all sorts of debris. He got up and started to run away from the scene, for he was but slightly hurt, and suddenly remembering his fireman, Charles Rodgers, he turned and went back to look for him. Underneath the high mass of wreckage and pinioned by the arm to the ground by the ponderous engine, he saw the unfortunate fireman. Wadsworth was unable to reach him. Summoning help, the work of rescue began. Hundreds of people were soon at the scene, but it took four hours of hard work by 50 people before the man was reached. Old railroad men who saw the young man in that perilous position say they never saw such bravery exhibited. Not a murmur escaped his lips, while he lay there, certainly suffering the most awful agony, but as he was lifted out of the wreck the poor fellow fainted away. This is the second time within six weeks that young Rodgers has been placed in that awful position, the first time at a point east of Johnstown, and he was rescued unhurt from under his engine and wrecked cars. The injured were removed to the West Penn Hospital.

Fireman Rodgers' condition, the doctor said, is also very critical, and his recovery is extremely doubtful. His left arm was amputated just below the shoulder by the hospital physicians."

Mr. George Rodgers went to Pittsburg on Monday morning and since that time no word as to the condition of Charlie has been received. It is to be hoped, however, that his condition may not prove as serious as was at first feared and that his recovery may be a matter of only a short time.

IT IS NOT SURPISING that the ladies are so attached to PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, for it caters very successfully to their needs and tastes. Its publishers seem to know just what will please and help them. The October number is a most admirable one, and it would be difficult for any household not to find something to suit every member therefore, however varied the tastes might be. There are two historical sketches that will interest every woman. "The Princess de Lamballe,' a vivid sketch of the early days of the Reign of Terror in France, and "Women in Ancient Rome," by Prof. A. P. Montague. The illustrated articles "A Trip from Naples to Amalfi," and "Cups, Gourds and Vases," are well written. The numerous stories are first-class as they always are in PETERSONS. The Fashion department gives complete descriptions of the early fall styles. In fact, everything about the magazine is good. Terms $2.00 per year, with great reduction to clubs and valuable premiums for getting up clubs. Send for their premium offers. Address, PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia Pa.

The democratic fight against Representative Crips's aspiration to become the democratic candidate for Speaker of the House is becoming vicious. There is no need for republicans to take any part in this fight. Let it go on and the people will soon be convinced, as many of them already are, that no democrat yet mentioned has the necessary qualifications to make a good Speaker, and we have no hesitation in predicting that long before the adjournment of the first session of the Fifty-second Congress this fact will be practically demonstrated, no matter who may be elected.

EX-CONGRESSMAN SCOTT DEAD.

NEWPORT, R. I., Sept. 20.—Ex-Congressman W L Scott, of Pennsylvania, died suddenly before midnight last night.

Dr. William Pepper, of Philadelphia, who accompanied him here, stated to-day that Mr. Scott's death was very sudden and unexpected, and was due to repeated heart failure, his gastric troubles having improved and there being no organic disease of the stomach, bowels or kidneys.

The family will leave with the remains in the morning for their home in Erie, Pa.

—Quite an advantageous improvement is now being made in the office in which this paper is printed and before many days have passed the business office of the DAILY NEWS will be on the first floor and then our numberless patrons will not not be obliged to climb the "golden stairs" when they want to transact business or make a friendly call. Come in and see us then.

OCTOBER WEATHER.

REV. IRL. R. HICKS' METEOROGICAL FORECAST FOR THE COMING MONTH.

October will open with high temperatures in all parts, except perhaps, northwestern regions or sections already passed by storm developments which will be in progress at the beginning of the month. It will be safe to anticipate in all prudent ways violent activity of the elements within thirty-six hours, before and after, of 6 p. m. on the 2nd. By that time polar currents will have broken in behind progressive storms, and we will have the not uncommon order of things—storms and warm to the eastward with a cold wave following from the northwest. The fall of temperature will be sudden and extreme. The equinox of Venus is central on the 7th in connection with reactionary disturbances beginning on the 6th. Another wave of warm, equatorial air, resulting in sharp, electrical storms, will express itself on these dates, and be followed promptly by another cold wave. Watch for them!

From about the 10th to 13th, inclusive, the outlook for Autumnal storms calls for watchfulness. Managers having in charge maritime interests, and navigators of our lakes should have an eye for emergencies during this period. A polar blast, attended by some snow to the north, and followed by frost and freezing, may be expected. About the 17th and 18th will bring the regular rise in temperature, the temperature and the storms being excited toward extremes by the prevailing Venus disturbance. Sudden transitions from warm to cold will be the order.

All that we have said concerning the above period will apply forcibly to the period running from 22d to 26th. The equinox of Mercury is central on the 22nd, and a regular storm period is central on the 23d, with Venus not entirely away from her disturbing noke, and full moon on the 24th. Let us count, say, the 23rd, 24th and 25th central danger days, and see how far we miss it. Rainstorms will turn to sleet and snow in northern extremes of sea and land. There will be violent Autumual gales, and a sweeping cold wave will wind up the whole, and bring in polar, frosty weather until the reactionary movements about the 20th and 30th.

We repeat our oft-expressed belief that the approaching Winter will be one of increased severity. Look to your food, fuel and shelter for self and stock.

Smash-Up.

Ed. C. Humes, of Penfield, and Frank Taylor, of Philipsburg, started to drive to Penfield the other night. When in the vicinity of J. I. McBride's, in West Clearfield, the harness broke and the horse ran into a fence, throwing the occupants out and injuring them quite severely. Mr. Humes was rendered unconscious by the fall and was carried to the Leonard House, where Dr. Stewart done all in his power to relieve his sufferings. Mr. Taylor received severe injuries about the head and face, but not serious. The accident was caused by the breast strap breaking.—Clearfield *Spirit*.

FATAL CATTLE DISEASE.

Huntingdon, Sept. 20.—A peculiar and thus far unidentified disease is playing havoc with the cattle in this and adjoining counties, and in nearly every instance has proven fatal. The disease manifested itself two weeks ago, and already hundreds of cattle have perished. When attacked the animal's head falls helplessly, and its legs seem unable to bear the weight of the body.

It is believed that the disease is a form of Texas splenic fever, and was brought here by southern cattle. The State Board of Health will be appealed to devise means of eradicating the disease.

Burned to Death.

CHICAGO, September 20.—Fire early yesterday morning in the three-story brick building at 549 and 551 Sedgwick street, the upper stories of which were occupied by a number of families as living apartments. The dead are John Schall, mechanic, and his wife and their three children, Annie, aged 15; John, aged 12, and James, aged 8; Robbie Burns, aged 14, and a woman whose name is unknown. Cynthia Schall, the only surviving member of her family, aged 17, was overcome with smoke and it is thought cannot recover.

Cunningham—Loneberger.

On last Thursday evening at the M. E. parsonage in Spring Mills, Rev. Shoemaker united in the holy bonds of matrimony Mr. William Cunningham, of Ohio and Miss Lottie Loneberger, of Pleasant Gap. A reception was afterwards held at the residence of the bride's grandparents at Pleasant Gap. The happy couple were the recipient of a number of beautiful as well as useful presents. They will depart next Thursday for the groom's home in Ohio.

Notice to the Borough Auditors.

I hereby request the borough auditors to notify Overseer James I. McClure not to accept any accounts contracted by me and as yet unsettled, unless they have been examined and passed by myself. As I find on reading the borough accounts as published in the *Gazette* of July 17th, that many of the accounts are incorrect, the amounts being greatly in excess of the actual account.

JAMES SCHOFIELD.

Spain's Great Flood.

MADRID, September 20.—The greatest misery has been caused by the floods at Camunas and Villa Franca. The crops have been lost and it is feared that riots will result if relief is delayed, At Consuega there is a demand for more disinfectants. Many marauders have been imprisoned there. At Elmira the bodies of 178 victims of the flood have been buried. Many houses undermined by the flood continue to fall.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

ROUGH MATERIALS STYLES IN MAKING MILLINERY COLORS.

Rough effects predominate largely in new fall and winter materials, and while some novelties in wool are shown, general styles remain about the same as those of last winter, admitting however of variety in color and design. Rough Cheviots in large plaids, diagonal and Chevron stripes, on dark ground, will be deservedly popular for general wear, and are numerous in style ranging in price from 50 cents, to $3,00 per yard. Plaids will be worn to a considerable extent, but are not so prominent as formerly, a novelty however being large "blanket finished" plaids in two shades of brown, flame color and black, or green and black. Smooth finished plaids and partans are also seen and old fashioned velours, in plaids combining several different colors is noticeable. Genuine Irish frieze, with a soft dark groundwork shot with colors, or in diagonol or Chevron stripe, is brought out expressly for street wear. Another fashionable material is Scotch homespun in dark colors and winter weight, with wavy slabe of a lighter shade, running lengthwise. Diagonal and Chevron stripes are both prominent features in stylish fabrics, and are of a different shade from the surface, in order that they may be clear defined. Astrakhan and fleecy stripes are quite as much in vogue as they were last season, and an imitation of bear skin is a fashionable foot border for robe patterns.

Personal Pencilings.

Mrs. Thomas Bertram, of Altoona, is visiting friends in Bellefonte.

Mr. Michael Hazel, of Pittsburg, is visiting his parents in this place.

Robert Haynes, of Snow Shoe, is transacting business in Bellefonte to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. George Poorman, of Houtzdale, are visiting friends in Bellefonte.

Misses Mary and Sallie Ishler, of Altoona, are visiting their uncle, Sheriff Ishler, in this place.

Dr. George L. Potter Post of Milesburg, No. 261, was the only Post that went as a Post to the Veteran's picnic.

It seems it was not John Swartz who was hurt in a railroad accident at Philipsburg, but Lem Swartz son of John Swartz, of Philipsburg.

It is now an assured thing that the Bellefonte glass works will start up on the first of October. The first blowing will take place about the 4th.

Miss Fanny Beach, of Walterbury Conn. arrived in Bellefonte on Friday evening and is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Ardell, on Linn Street.

Mr. A. B. Werner, of Tyrone, and Miss Caroline Miller, of Centre county, were married in Tyrone on Tuesday evening and went to housekeeping on Wednesday morning.

Mr. Robert Gardner formerly of this county, but now one of Tyrone's enterprising citizens, was in Bellefonte on Thursday on his way home from the granger's picnic.

General Gregg was in Bellefonte a short while this morning between trains. He was on his way to the Veteran's picnic at Centre Hall, where he is down on the list for a good speech.

Mrs. John T. Johnston has returned from Altoona where she has been engaged in furnishing a house for the reception of her son Harry and his bride, who will be married on Thursday.

Mr. A. S. Price, of Port Matilda, was in Bellefonte on Tuesday and while here made this office a short call. Mr. Price is one of those citizens whom it is always a pleasure to see come around.

The bride and groom Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Cunningham spent Tuesday night with Mrs. Robert Murray, on East Lamb street. To-morrow they depart for their home in Washington county, Ohio.

Death of James Ardery.

On Sunday evening there passed from this life into the world of the great beyond one of the pioneer residents of Worth township, this county, in the person of Mr. James Ardery, of Martha Furnace. Mr. Ardery had been ailing for several months and lately had been very ill, hence his death was not unexpected. He was aged about 70 years. The funeral occured this morning at ten o'clock.

BOTH OF THEM DEAD.

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM BATES PASS AWAY WITHIN AN INTERVAL OF ONLY TWELVE HOURS.

Since early in the spring our venerable and highly respected townsman, Mr. William Bates, and his wife Emiline, have been in declining health, and for several weeks past they have both been bed fast and perfectly helpless. Their condition had become so critical that their friends abandoned all hope of recovery, and it was evident that the "inevitable hour" was near at hand in the case of each. Their death, then, was not unexpected, but that only a few hours should intervene is a strange coincidence.

On Saturday night at 8.30 the spirit of Mrs. Bates took its departure, and yesterday morning at 9.10, only about twelve hours afterward, the Death Angel called and wafted to its eternal home the spirit of her cherished companion. For many years they walked hand in hand, faithful and loving, sharing together the joys and sorrows of life, and with only the intervention of a few hours, they each close their eyes upon earthly scenes and cross over to the realm where shadows never fall and sickness and death are not known—the land of fadeless beauty and everlasting joy.

William Bates was a native of Vermont, and was born March 2, 1811, making his age 80 years, 6 months and 18 days. He came to this neighborhood when a young man, and in his earlier years drove the stage from Bellefonte to Curwensville when all this section of country was little else than a howling wilderness, encountering oftentimes the severest of winter's storms and the other numerous obstacles that so frequently interfered with travel in those days. He afterwards kept the old Black bear tavern, which for many years afforded a place of refuge to the weary traveler who passed that way on the old pike, which was then the great highway between eastern and western points. For 28 years he has resided in Philipsburg.

Mrs. Bates was born at Centre Line, near Warriorsmark, April 3, 1827, her age therefore being 64 years, 5 months and 15 days. Her maiden name was Emiline McClellan. Her marriage to Mr. Bates occurred in Philipsburg April 30th, 1846. As a result of this union seven children were given to them, two having died in childhood and a grown up son, Chester having been killed by the cars in 1881.—Monday's Philipsburg *Journal*.

$1'000 REWARD

will be paid by the Commissioners of Allegheny County for the arrest and detention of FREDERICK CARLTON FITZSIMMONS, alias Ambrose G. Budd, alias Anderson, alias Yellick, alias A. B. Charles, who escaped from Allegheney County Jail on night of September 14th, 1891, and who is indicated by the Grand Jury for the murder of Detective D. H. GILKINSON. FREDERICK CARLTON FITZSIMMONS is 36 years old, 5 feet 6 or 7 inches high, weighs 135 pounds, slender build, dark complexion, dark eyes, dark hair mixed with gray, beard if any, dark mixed with gray, dark stubby mustache, looks older than he really is, looks like a Jew but is not, had no beard when he left here, has extra large feet, wore a neat dark blue suit of clothes with a cut-away coat, white shirt and standing collar; speaks several languages, has travelled considerable, is a desperate man and will kill rather than be taken; has very sharp looking eyes, is intelligent, quick and very active. If found, arrest and wire, or send any information to

GAMBLE WEIR,
Superintendent of Police, Pittsburgh, Pa.

GOING TO MAKE RAIN.

TOPEKA, September 20.—Professor Melbourne, of Australia, has entered into a contract to make rain at Goodland, Sherman county, Kan. September 16. He is to receive $500 for causing rain to fall over a territory within a radious of fifty miles of Goodland, which is within about fifteen miles of the Colorado state line. That part of the state is greatly in need of rain. It has been found impossible to irrigate and the settlers have raised the money for making the rain test. Governor Humphrey has been invited to be present and will probably go. A delegation from Topeka will attend.

—As a rule the editor gets a thousand kicks to one caress. Once in a while he gets a kind word, and it warms and cheers his weather beaten, storm racked heart to the innermost core. Most people are afraid to tell an editor when he writes an article that particularly pleases them for fear of making him proud, we suppose, but if they find anything that does not accord precisely with there views they will neglect their business to hunt him up and tell him of it.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE